



No. 614.—VOL. XLVIII.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1904.

SIXPENCE.



THE LAST OF DAN LENO.

THE FAMOUS COMEDIAN DIED ON MONDAY MORNING LAST AT HIS HOUSE AT CLAPHAM. (SEE OVERLEAF.)

Photograph by the Parisian Studio, Clacton-on-Sea.

THE DEATH OF DAN LENO.

As we go to press, the sad news comes to hand that Dan Leno has passed from among us. Good fellow and brilliant comedian, he will be deeply regretted by the hundreds of thousands whom he helped to cheer along the sometimes dreary, always difficult road of life. The children, too, will miss him from Drury Lane this Christmas. Poor Dan! May the kindly earth rest very lightly on the still form of our well-loved Jester.—K. H.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By KEBLE HOWARD.

The Sketch Office, Monday, Oct. 31.

THANKS to a slight touch of influenza, or something of the kind, I spent the middle part of last week at Brighton. The sun shone brilliantly all the day, and the moon shone peacefully all the night. The Front was crowded with visitors, some seeking pleasure, others seeking health. Despite the fact that, as already stated, I was among the latter, I managed to enjoy myself in a quiet, convalescent sort of way. I would stroll, very gently, half-way to Hove; then, turning cautiously, I would stroll very gently back again. During the course of the walk, I would amuse myself by studying the passers-by and listening to scraps of conversation. Here are a few of the fragments I overheard between the two piers—

“—compelled to do so. Don't you think I was quite right?”

“Of course. What did she—?”

“—with a loud voice and rather red hair. They were sitting—”

“—quite evident, and yet when I asked him about it—”

“—for the time of year, is it not? I wish Mabel could have—”

“—and it isn't as if anyone could 'ave 'elped it, I says. I call 'er—”

“—twenty-five in a hundred and beat him hollow. In the second game—”

“—a part that simply plays itself. It's just her luck getting—”

“—at the Métropole. I want something to correct all that whisk—”

After lunch I would drive, quite slowly, to Rottingdean and back. The driver would assure me, at frequent intervals, that I was the first fare he had had for two days, but would vary the monotony by indicating, with a melancholy whip, the “'ouse where Rudyard Kiplin' used ter live.” So home to tea, and then a hurried dash for an evening paper to see whether we were about to have a war with Russia. The cabmen, being pessimists to a man, were quite certain that war would be declared immediately; the barbers, being optimists to a man, felt equally certain that the Russians would give in. (It is rather strange, by the way, that a cabman should always be as morose as a barber is cheerful. Personally, I would far rather drive a cab than cut hair. I appeal to “Nemo” or “Constant Reader” to explain the phenomenon.) I would argue from either point of view until seven o'clock, and then return to the hotel for dinner. After dinner I would go to a theatre or music-hall. It is ever my first care on entering a provincial town to find out what is going on at the theatre. This is typical, I believe, of the Londoner, and proves that theatre-going may become as confirmed a habit as drink or tobacco. The managers, of course, discovered this truth long ago; hence the rise of playhouses and the fall of plays.

At the Theatre Royal, Brighton, I found “The Duchess of Dantzic,” played, for the most part, by the original Company, “together with all the dresses, scenery, and other accessories direct from the Lyric Theatre, London.” I had not seen the piece since the first-night, so that I was able to consider it with an unbiassed mind. Let me confess at once that I enjoyed it thoroughly. It seemed to me the best thing that Mr. George Edwardes had ever sent into the country, and I was supported in my opinion by the lady—a most experienced playgoer—who keeps the little sweetstuff-shop near the stage-door. “Well,” she said, mixing me a lemon-squash, “it's all very well to talk about Wilson Barrett. Of course, I'm not saying that his shows weren't very fine and all that, but when I see this piece on Monday night I couldn't help thinking that it was every bit as good as ‘The Sign of the Cross,’ if not better.” The statement, we both felt, was a bold one, but we were fully prepared to stand by it.

The burthen of the work falls upon Miss Evie Greene, who, as the Duchess, is probably playing the part of her life. It suits her to perfection, and enables her to prove—especially in the first scene of the third Act—that she is a really fine emotional actress. Miss Greene has the advantage, too, of playing with Mr. Courtice Pounds, an actor unique in his profession and one of the most perfect artists on the English stage. Papillon, though in itself a poor part, will live long in the memories of playgoers, both in London and the provinces.

My most adventurous deed, during this brief stay at Brighton, was to take a ride in a public motor-car. There were several of these cars drawn up in a line by the pavement, and on one of them five people were already seated. A board attached to the side of the car informed me that the vehicle was prepared to run to Shoreham and back, and that the fare was two shillings each person.

“Shoreham! Shoreham!” cried the chauffeur, in the tone of one who is offering an exceptional bargain for the last time. “Any more for Shoreham?”

“Where is Shoreham?” I asked, timidly. Four out of the five passengers, being, apparently, on intimate terms, nudged each other. The fifth, a prim old lady on the back-seat, having nobody to nudge, contented herself with a slight smile.

“A matter o' seven mile out,” explained the chauffeur. “View o' the sea all the way.”

“When are you starting?”

“Start right away with you now, sir.”

“And when do you get back?”

“About half-past four, sir.”

I boarded the car and sat down on the back-seat, next to the old lady. She was a sweet, gentle creature, and was wearing a sly bonnet adorned with two pansies and a bunch of shiny things. Her hands lay complacently in her lap, but she disturbed them as we bumped past the Grand Hotel in order to tuck the “apron” more closely about my knees.

“You never know when you may catch cold,” she observed.

I thanked her, but said nothing of my slight touch of influenza. I was afraid lest, in an excess of maternal zeal, she should take me on her knee and wrap a shawl about me.

The road to Shoreham from Brighton is singularly uneven. It was as much as I could do, when the driver began to show off, to preserve my dignity. Even the old lady lurched suddenly in my direction, and the shiny ornaments in her bonnet were dancing and twinkling in the most bewildering manner. As for the other two couples, they took advantage of their intimacy to clasp each other about the waist. Their conduct, to tell the truth, was a trifle disconcerting to the old lady and myself, but we pretended, perseveringly, not to have noticed the attitudes of our fellow-passengers.

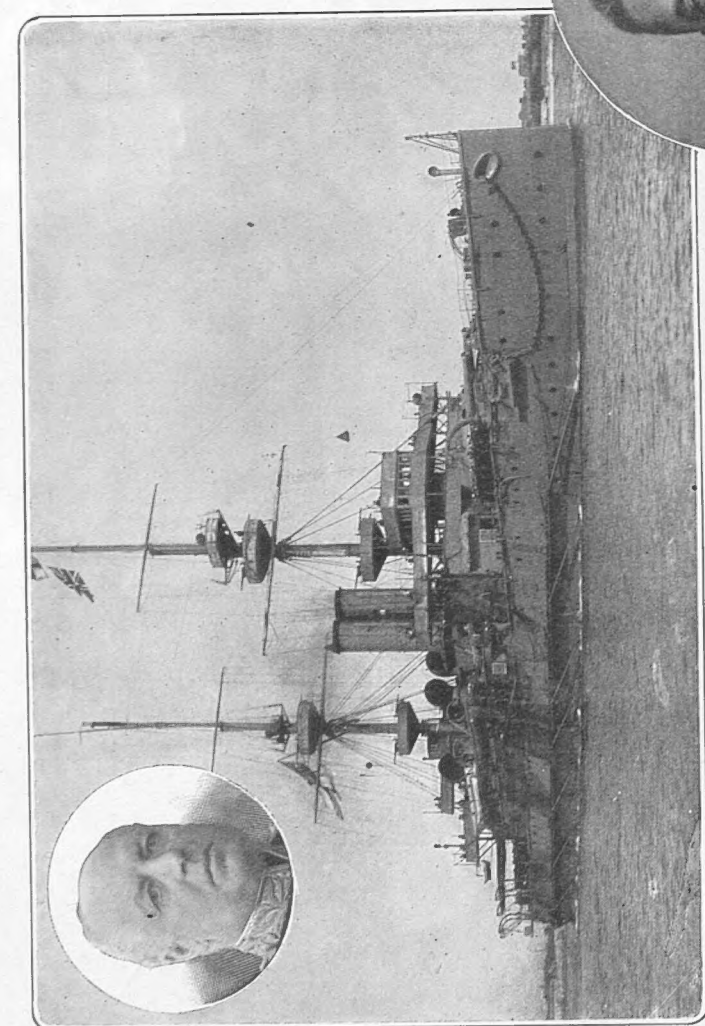
Arrived at Shoreham, the chauffeur informed me that there was “a very fine view from the bridge.” I bought him a glass of beer as some small return for his kindness, and went off to look for the bridge. It proved to be just round the corner, but, try as I would, I could not discover the fine view. There was a desolate view, and a muddy view, but no fine view. I regretted my hasty generosity, and my regrets were redoubled when we started on the return journey. The tyres on this car, I ought to tell you, were solid, so that, when we were travelling at top-speed, the smallest boulder made itself felt. The two pairs of lovers, naturally enough, gripped hands and braved death. For myself, I hung on to the seat and wondered how they would word my obituary paragraph. The old lady, on the other hand, was perfectly calm and unconcerned. She sniffed luxuriously at the keen air, and even ventured, now and again, to close her eyes. For some little time, I was inclined to think her indifference a rather obvious pose. The matter was cleared up later, though, when I discovered that she was the chauffeur's mother, and was wont to accompany every trip as a decoy.

"THE WALLS OF JERICO," AT THE GARRICK.

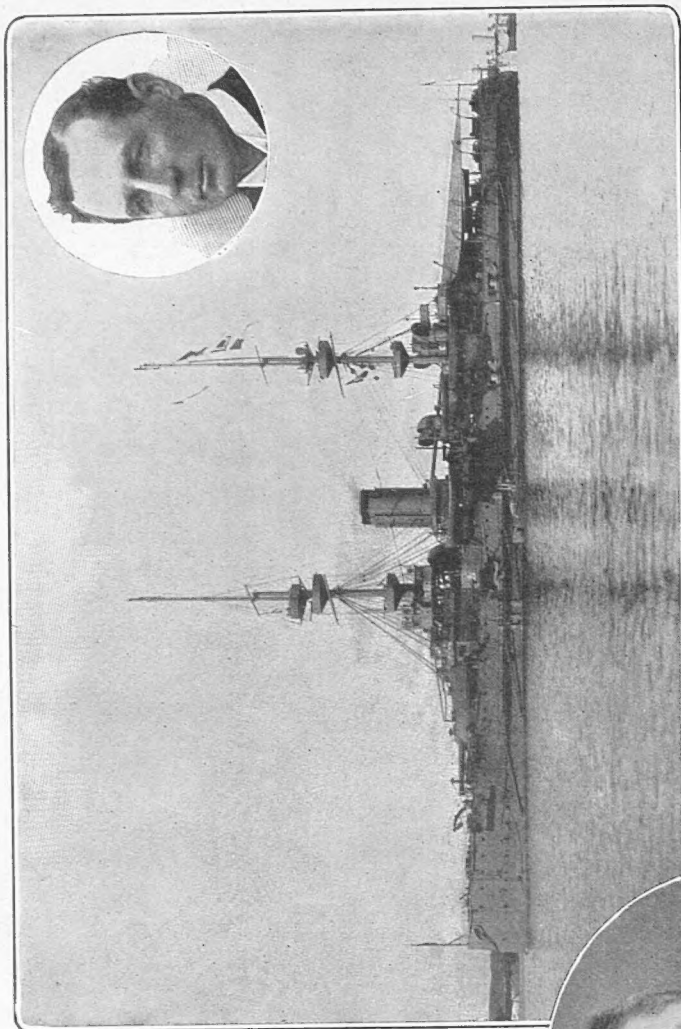


SKETCHES AT THE DRESS-REHEARSAL BY RALPH CLEAVER.

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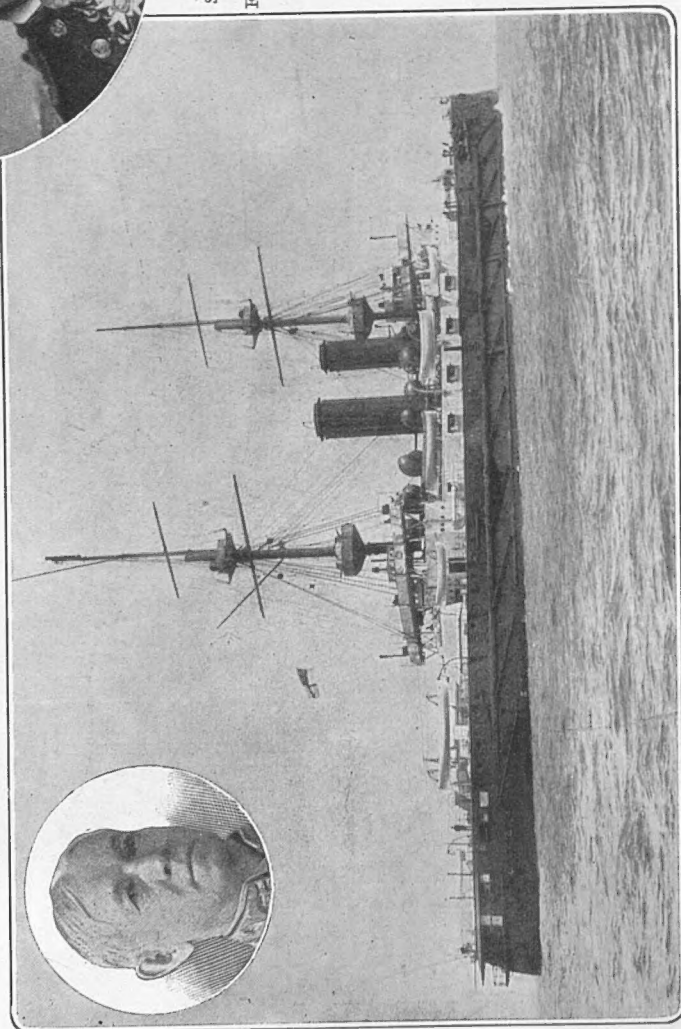
ADMIRAL LORD CHARLES BERESFORD (COMMANDER OF THE CHANNEL FLEET)
AND HIS FLAGSHIP THE "CÆSAR."



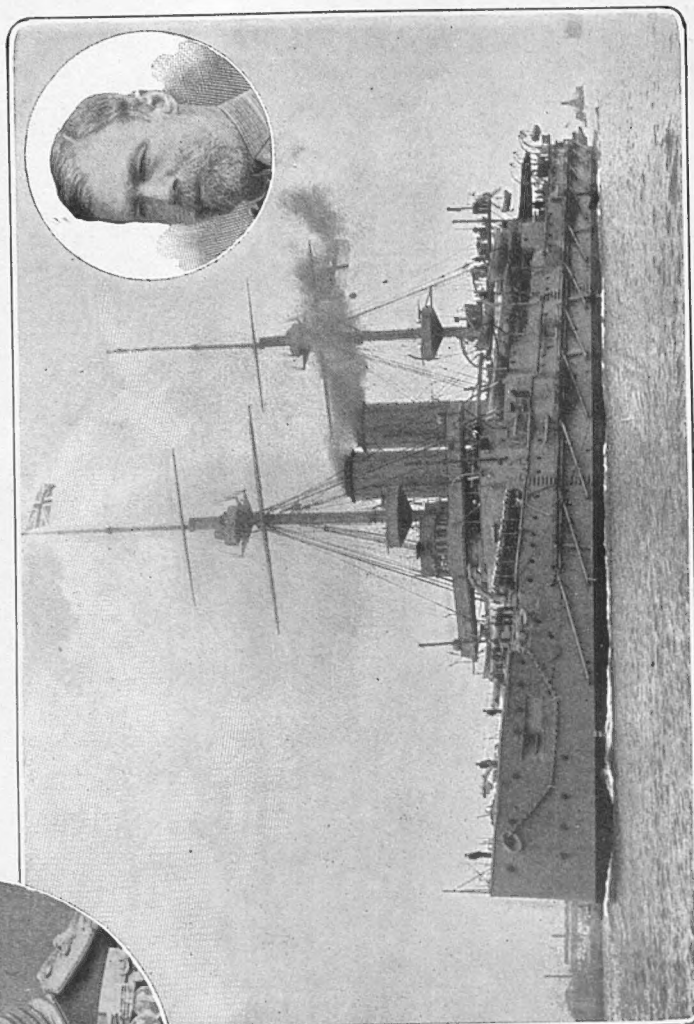
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"EXMOUTH."

Photographs of Flagships by Symonds and Co., Admirals Fisher and Bridgeman by Russell, Admirals Lord Charles Beresford, Sir Compton Domville, and Sir A. Wilson by Mauld and Fox.

THE CHARLES MORTON MATINÉE.

It will be remembered that before the "Father of the Halls" passed away so suddenly, arrangements had been made to organise a matinée in his honour, and many promises of support had been received not only from leading members of the theatrical and music-hall professions, but also from others who appreciated the sterling worth and kindly nature of the man to whom amusement-seekers were so greatly indebted for his untiring efforts to elevate the form of entertainment provided by the halls. Mr. Morton's death rendered this impossible, and the matinée to be given at the Palace Theatre next Tuesday (Nov. 8) will therefore be in the nature of an offering to his widow. The names of the Honorary Committee include some of the best known in the Peerage, the Press, and the theatrical profession, while the Hon. Secretary and organiser is Mr. Morton's successor, Mr. Alfred Butt. Practically the whole of our leading actors and actresses are giving their services, and the programme, which will be sold by some of the most charming ladies in the two professions, will be embellished with original drawings by Mr. Tom Browne, Mr. Dudley Hardy, and Mr. John Hassall. Each programme will contain also a mezzotint portrait of Mr. Morton, prepared specially by Messrs. Langfrier, and, as this is a reproduction of the last taken and only a limited number will be printed, it will doubtless be highly valued.

THE CLUBMAN.

LONDON and the Londoners and Great Britain and its Britons were very quiet and very grave during the early days of last week. War was very close upon us, and this generation knows to some extent what war is. There was no singing of "We don't want to fight, but, by Jingo, if we do," or kindred boastful songs, and the men in the Clubs and the men in the street were all looking somewhat farther ahead than what would happen in the next fortnight should the guns of the Channel Squadron be forced to speak. The nation was in a dangerous temper, undoubtedly, for its dead lay in its house, but it was like the determined man who stands with arms folded in a doorway before a brawler, and who says, quietly enough, "You do not go out of this door until you have given me satisfaction for your misconduct."

It may be that France will shine in the history of this century as the pacificator of the world, and that what she has done in our quarrel she may be able to effect in that of Japan and Russia. The United States are going through the convulsion which the election of a President always excites; but whether this month a Democrat or a Republican is sent to the White House, whether Mr. Roosevelt or Judge Parker becomes the Chief Magistrate of the American people, the elected one would gain honour from every State of the great Republic if he could join moral forces with the President of the other great Republic of the world to put an end to the war in the East which horrifies all humanity.



Photograph by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

MISS PAULINE ASTOR (MRS. HERBERT SPENDER-CLAY).

THE WEDDING OF MISS ASTOR AND CAPTAIN SPENDER-CLAY TOOK PLACE AT ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER, ON SATURDAY LAST. THE OFFICIATING CLERGY WERE THE BISHOP OF LONDON, ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE, AND OTHERS. THE PRESENTS INCLUDED A GOLD CUP FROM PRINCESS LOUISE. FOR FURTHER DETAILS SEE PAGE 81.

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS NOVEMBER 5.

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TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (three thousand words in length), short sets of verses, and illustrated articles of a topical or general nature. Stories and verses are paid for according to merit: general articles at a fixed rate.



SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

PERHAPS of all the incidents connected with the Baltic Fleet outrage, the most touching and the most human was the sending by the Queen of a hundred pounds to the bereaved families of the unfortunate men who lost their lives. Her Majesty, evidently acting on the impulse of the moment, sent her gift in the form of ten-pound notes, enclosed in a registered envelope. It is easy to realise the feelings of compassion and distress

which must have moved our Sovereign's Consort to do this gracious and prompt action. Following in the footsteps of Queen Victoria, Queen Alexandra ever remains in close touch with the humble and sorrow-stricken, and her personal benefactions have always been intensely practical in their nature.

The Hunting Season.

To-day sees the opening, in a formal sense, of the hunting season of 1904-5, but, of course, there has been already a good deal of cub-hunting, and some notable runs have taken place. Hunting folk—and it must be admitted that they form an interesting world somewhat apart from ordinary society—are expecting a splendid season. Lord Zetland enters to-day upon the twenty-ninth season of his Mastership, and it is a remarkable fact that both his huntsman and first whip have been with him from the beginning. In contrast, the youngest of our Masters of Foxhounds is Lord de Clifford, who does not come of age till next year. All the great hunting-centres are looking very much alive just now. Melton Mowbray keeps its old pre-eminence, and among those who have established there their hunting-quarters are Lady Augusta Fane, Bettine, Lady Wilton, Lord and Lady Henry Bentinck, and Lord Gerard and his mother, who is a very brilliant horsewoman, though last year she did not hunt at all, as she was in deep mourning.

Fair Sportswomen.

Perhaps in some ways the most notable of fair sportswomen is Miss Edith C.E. Somerville, now the only lady "M.F.H.," though many well-known sportswomen hunt their own harriers. Miss Somerville, who has now been for some years a successful and, indeed, brilliant novelist—her "Recollections of an Irish R.A." taking rank with the most humorous books written in the last decade of the nineteenth century—hunts the East Carbery, The O'Donovan being her honorary secretary. Ireland remains, when all is said and done, the ideal hunting-country, and there are few Irish Peeresses who do not ride to hounds. The late Empress of Austria always declared that she had never enjoyed such hunting as that in the Emerald Isle. Of packs, perhaps the most noted is the Waterford, which, in a social sense, has its headquarters at Curraghmore, and of which the new Master is Mr. Arthur Pollok, who has been so popular and successful as leader of the East Galway. The most famous of the ladies who carry the horn is, of course, Mrs. Cheape, and she has a worthy follower in her young niece, Miss Wood. Mrs. Cheape, as all the world knows, hunts the Bentley Harriers, and she is known as "The Squire" over much of Worcestershire, Gloucestershire, and Warwickshire.

Lady Riders to Hounds.

Of lady riders to hounds there is literally an ever-increasing host. Every pack can show its feminine brigade, and, among the wives of Masters of Foxhounds, special interest attaches to Lady Willoughby de Broke, whose father, the late

Mr. Hanbury, actually died while riding with the famous pack which was at that time being hunted by the present Peer's father. Lady Hilda McNeill, whose tragic death will be remembered, will be terribly missed by the members of the North Cotswold, of which her husband is Master. Excellent sport is expected in Cheshire, where at the present moment the Duke of Westminster's family is principally represented by Lord and Lady Arthur Grosvenor. As a girl, the Duchess often rode to hounds in the neighbourhood of Eaton Hall.

Madame Catherine Tolstoi.

English Society knows but little of the Russian aristocracy, but one charming subject of the Czar, the Countess Tolstoi, is the wife of that popular and Radical though smart politician, Mr. Philip Stanhope, the brother of Earl Stanhope. The Countess often asks her younger relations to stay with her in her delightful London house, and a recent visitor has been Madame Catherine Tolstoi, who has much enjoyed her glimpse of England and the English. The Parliamentary system is a source of great amusement and interest to cultivated Russians; especially do they find much to marvel at in the rôle the Houses of Parliament are allowed to play in social life.



MADAME CATHERINE TOLSTOI, A LEADER OF ANGLO-RUSSIAN SOCIETY.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.

*Mrs. T. P.
O'Connor.*

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor is one of the most versatile and brilliant women in the literary and political world. Not content with being the wife of the most popular and fortunate of Irish Members, she has herself scored a distinct success as a playwright, and it is said that she now has in preparation a play dealing with the career of no less a personage than



MRS. T. P. O'CONNOR (WIFE OF "TAY PAY"), A CLEVER PLAYWRIGHT AND COMÉDIENNE.

Photograph by Harrison, Ouslow Place, S.W.

the late Charles Stewart Parnell. Mrs. O'Connor is an American Southerner by birth, she has French blood in her veins, and there is something foreign in her appearance. It is, doubtless, from her French ancestry that she inherits her histrionic gifts, for, in addition to being a good playwright, Mrs. O'Connor has proved that she is also an admirable comédienne. She acted for some weeks in her play, "A Lady from Texas," and won plaudits from some of our most critical provincial audiences, notably those of Edinburgh and Dublin. Mr. and Mrs. T. P. O'Connor spend part of the year in Brighton, another part in travelling on the Continent, and the remainder of their time in a pretty, old-world house in Chelsea, where they entertain in quite a cosmopolitan fashion all sorts and conditions of men and women.

*The Foreign
Secretary.*

Lord Lansdowne, whose career first at the War Office and now at the Foreign Office has been full of anxiety, is a cool, calm diplomatist. He belongs to a governing family, and he himself acts as if State affairs were his natural function. He is a man of very keen intellect. His thin face, clear, penetrating eyes, and high forehead distinguish him even in the House of Lords, where he is noted also for precise, formal manners and for incisiveness of speech. A smile seldom passes across his face and scarcely ever is he ruffled by any lively emotion. He must be able to conceal his thoughts and keep his countenance in the closest controversy with a foreign Ambassador.

A large part of Lord Lansdowne's life has been spent in public administration. Although he is not yet an old man, he has been Governor-General of Canada and Viceroy of India, and he has been continuously a member of the Cabinet since 1895. This is a very long spell of office, but Lord Lansdowne may be one of those born statesmen whose official appetite grows with what it feeds on. He succeeded his friend, the Duke of Devonshire, as Leader of the House of Lords. Like the Duke, he is a Liberal-Unionist. They parted from Mr. Gladstone at the time of the Home Rule split, and now the Fiscal question has separated themselves, the Duke being afraid that when the Marquis fires his retaliatory revolver Free Trade will be lost. The Lords have never had a more suave or courteous Leader, and, although the Marquis has not the brilliance of Lord Rosebery or of the late Lord Salisbury, he can hold his own in debate.

—The Fiscal controversy has separated Lord Lansdowne from one, at least, of his marriage connections. His wife is a sister of Lord George Hamilton, who has abandoned office for the sake of Free Trade. On

the other hand, his son-in-law, Mr. Victor Cavendish, has remained in the Government, although the head of the Cavendishes has left it. His brother, Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, adhered to Mr. Gladstone, and sits on the front Opposition bench in the House of Commons. Lord Edmond is an authority on foreign affairs, but has in recent years given much of his time to local administration.

Lansdowne House, in Berkeley Square, where the Foreign Secretary held a momentous conference with the Russian Ambassador, is one of the stateliest of the family mansions of London. By situation it may be said to separate the Duke of Devonshire from Lord Rosebery. The house was originally the property of Lord Bute, of "Jack Boot" fame, and was purchased from him by the Earl of Shelburne, who, on being promoted to the Marquisate of Lansdowne, gave it the name it now bears. Although it stands in enclosed grounds, everyone who knows London knows Lansdowne House. Its rooms and corridors are enriched with the Roman and Greek antiquities celebrated as the "Lansdowne Marbles," which were collected chiefly by the first Marquis. The Foreign Secretary does much of his work in his study in his own house instead of at Downing Street. He works at a large, old Empire bureau, or at a tall desk where he writes standing.

Tortured in Tibet.

Mr. Henry Savage Landor must have followed the fortunes of the British Mission to Tibet with particular interest, for he had a very bad time there seven years ago. After overcoming enormous difficulties, he penetrated within three days' journey of Lassa. Then he was treacherously seized by the Tibetans, and, after enduring terrible tortures, only escaped with his life owing to a fortunate dispute between two rival chieftains. Mr. Landor is a small, wiry, delicate-looking man, and he is naturally proud of being the grandson of Walter Savage Landor. His early education was a combination of a technical institute at Florence and Julian's famous studio in Paris. It will be remembered that Mr. Savage Landor accompanied the allied troops on the march to Peking, and was, indeed, the first Anglo-Saxon to enter the "Forbidden City," together with the Russian veteran, General Linevitch.

*Lady Beatrice
Pole-Carew.*

Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew has received many congratulations on the birth of her little daughter. Lady Beatrice is the elder of the two daughters of Lord and Lady Ormonde, and she was for some years before her marriage to the famous soldier whose name she now bears one of the girl-beauties of both the English and the Irish Courts. She shares her father's enthusiastic love of yachting and her mother's interest in gardening, and the gardens of Antony, her Cornish home, are famed both for their flowers and shrubs, many semi-tropical plants thriving there. General Sir Reginald Pole-Carew and Lady Beatrice have already a little son.



LADY BEATRICE POLE-CAREW, DAUGHTER OF THE MARQUIS OF ORMONDE.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

A Wedding of the Week.

Many well-known people are interested in one of this week's bridals, for Miss Alice Des Vœux, who yesterday (Nov. 1) became the wife of Sir Thomas Montgomery-Cuninghame, is the daughter of Sir William Des Vœux, G.C.M.G., a distinguished civil servant who not long ago published a book called "My Colonial Service," while Lady Cuninghame, through her mother, Lady Des Vœux, is the grand-daughter of the famous Sir John Pender to whom the world owed the first Atlantic cable. The young couple will probably spend a great deal of their future life in Scotland, where Sir Thomas—who, by the way, did extraordinarily well in South Africa, for he was mentioned in despatches and has the "D. S. O."—has two beautiful places.

It must be admitted that weddings now form the most amicable bond between this country and America. The most extraordinary interest is being taken all over the States in the marriage of young Mr. Bradley-Martin and Miss Phipps. The bridegroom is, of course, the brother of Lady Craven and the son of the enormously wealthy couple who have of late years made their home in this country. Miss Helen Phipps is both clever and pretty, and has always been on affectionate terms with Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, the former having once been the partner of Mr. Henry Phipps, who takes rank as one of the great Steel Kings of America. During some years past Mr. Phipps has taken Beaufort Castle each autumn. He and his family are very popular in the neighbourhood, the more so that some time ago Mr. Phipps presented Beaulieu with a charming public hall and dining-room.

Beautiful Cliveden. The picturesque wedding at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, last Saturday, aroused wide-spread interest, since Miss Pauline Astor (now Mrs. Spender Clay) is exceedingly popular not only in Society circles, but also among her humbler friends. She is quite unspoiled by wealth, has extremely simple tastes, and delighted in staying quietly with her father at Cliveden, where she filled the part of hostess admirably. Cliveden is a typical example of an Italian villa transported to British shores, and, if incongruous, there is yet something splendid and stately in the appearance of this great, Southern-looking building set down amid Northern woods. It is on a gorgeous scale, and every room is filled with priceless works of art, fine statuary, and unique pieces of furniture. There was a period in the Victorian era when this country-house, so near both to London and Windsor, was the favourite meeting-place of such famous men as the first Duke of Wellington, the great Lord Shaftesbury, Garibaldi, and last, not least, Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Astor, who is a man of taste, has greatly improved the estate, especially the grounds, for within the last few years he has erected a magnificent marble fountain and made a flight of marble steps leading from the terrace in front of the house down to the river.

Paris this week has been far too busy keeping the *entente cordiale* warm at the theatres to think about much else (writes our Correspondent). Even the Dautriche sequel to the Dreyfus case has paled in interest before "Monsieur Polichinelle" at the Châtelet,

and the poetically translated "Fleur-des-Champs," which is the French for our "A Country Girl," at the Olympia, and whereas the benches of the Dautriche Court were anything but full on the first day of session, the Châtelet and the Olympia were packed. "Monsieur Polichinelle" is one of the old-fashioned Drury Lane *cum* Jules Verne plays in which schoolboys delighted when I was one of them, but which they would find far too old-fashioned now.

It is the old, old story of the brave young Frenchman who travels round the world upon the wings of love, and, now that more modern scenery permits, upon a motor-car or *ballon dirigeable*, who rescues and is loved in true French fashion by beautiful damsels of all nationalities and tints, and incidentally gives the management a chance to please with highly coloured stage-effects. The gaudiest of these was certainly the British Derby. I am sure French people can have had no notion (until "Monsieur Polichinelle" showed them) what "le Derby d'Epsom" really looked like, and the applause was loud and long when trumpets blared and clarions sounded, the drum-and-fife band banged and tootled out the National Anthem, and the Prince of Wales,

surrounded by his escort of Horse Guards, dashed up in a State-carriage drawn by six postillion-mounted horses. I thoroughly enjoyed it too, for the Prince's arrival at the Derby when I saw it last had been much less impressive.

The French Huntley Wright.

"A Country Girl" in the French version is extremely good. The Olympia management have, with the aid of the French authors, Messrs. de Cottens and Fordyce, compressed it into two Acts and an hour and a half, mounted it gorgeously, and have, to all intents and purposes, reproduced the show exactly as it was in London. There are at least a dozen English-speaking ladies in the cast, although most of these are eloquent in gesture only, and M. Max Dearly, as Barry, is so like Huntley Wright that, Frenchman though he is, he positively has a distinct British accent in all but his English. Dearly is the first French comedian who has succeeded in making a Paris audience laugh, and laugh heartily, at *clean* fun, and for this, if for this only, he might be congratulated, but his performance is so good all through that there are many other reasons for congratulation.

Lord Robert Cecil. The fact that the late Lord Salisbury was at one time something of a journalist was widely chronicled at the time of his death. Now comes the news that his son, Lord Robert Cecil,

the brilliant barrister-member of the family, is to edit the articles which were contributed by his father to the *Quarterly Review*. Of course, abroad many Premiers have been journalists, both before and after their term of office, but not one of them has ever reached such a position in the world's esteem as was given to the great statesman whose death was such a loss to his country. Lord Robert Cecil is thought by some people to be the most competent, and, from the all-round point of view, the most able, of the late Lord Salisbury's sons. He does not seem to care for political life, but is most keenly interested in his own profession.



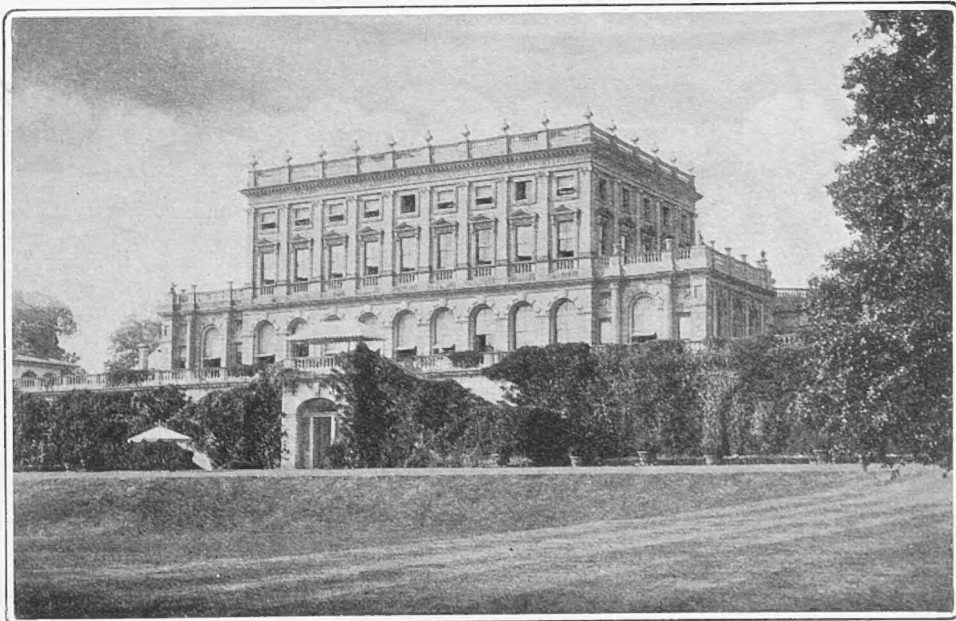
CAPTAIN SIR THOMAS MONTGOMERY-CUNINGHAME, BART., D.S.O.



MISS ALICE DES VŒUX, ELDER DAUGHTER OF SIR WILLIAM AND LADY DES VŒUX.

AN INTERESTING WEDDING.

Photographs by Thomson, New Bond Street, W.



THE ASTOR WEDDING: CLIVEDEN, TAPLOW, THE RIVERSIDE RESIDENCE OF MR. W. WALDORF ASTOR.

Photograph by Taunt, Oxford.

The Heir to Spain.

As King Alfonso of Spain is unmarried, the heir to the throne of Spain, now that his sister is dead, is her little son, Alfonso Maria, aged three years. He now becomes Prince of the Asturias, a title which, like that of Prince of

Wales, is always borne by the heir to the throne. There is this difference, however, that if the heir of Spain is a girl, she bears the title of Princess of the Asturias, whereas in England the title of Princess of Wales is borne only by the wife of the Heir-Apparent, and not by an heiress to the throne. The little Prince has also had conferred on him by Royal decree the other titles which are exclusively reserved for the heir to the throne.

A great deal of amusement has been caused in Paris by the discovery that the Kaiser is doubly descended from Coligny through his father, and from the Duke of Guise through his mother. The daughter of Gaspard de Coligny



MISS MAUD WYNIER
As KITTY TRIPPET in "MERELY MARY ANN," AT THE
DUKE OF YORK'S.

Photograph by the Biograph Studio, Regent Street, W.

married, in 1583, William of Nassau-Dillenburg. From this marriage came Frederick Henry of Nassau, Stadtholder of the Netherlands, whose daughter Henrietta married the Great Elector, Frederick William I. of Brandenburg, from whom the Kaiser is directly descended. A sister of Henrietta became the ancestress of the Empress Augusta, grandmother of the Kaiser, which makes the two descents from Coligny. On the other side, Marie of Lorraine, daughter of Claude de Guise, married James V. of Scotland, from whom the late Queen Victoria was descended in direct line. The Kaiser's French descent is thus undeniable.

Swimming is happily becoming an almost universal accomplishment, and nowadays the ladies are little behind the mere man in proficiency. Miss Josephine Roeg is a member of the aptly named Mermaid Swimming Club, and, though she is only sixteen, has accomplished some notable performances. Last year, Miss Roeg gained the medal and certificate of the Life-Saving Society and was the recipient of the souvenir medal presented by His Majesty the King at the Bath Club. This year she has won the silver medal of the Amateur Diving Association.



MISS JOSEPHINE ROEG,
WINNER OF MEDALS GIVEN BY THE LIFE-SAVING SOCIETY
AND AMATEUR DIVING ASSOCIATION.

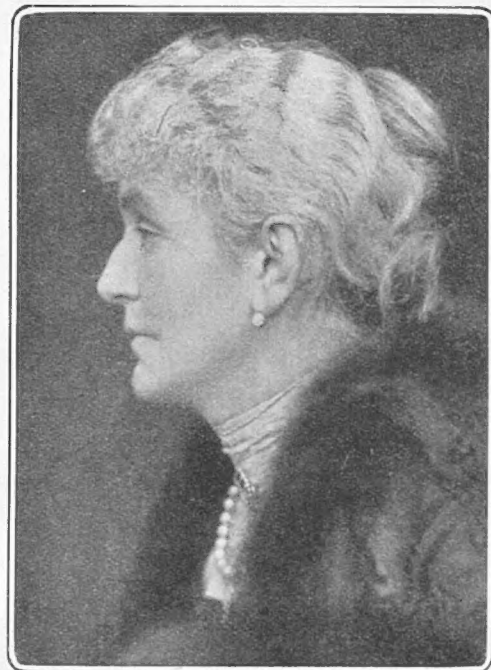
Elsinore is in a state of despair, for the railway, to which, as to a sapper, nothing is sacred, threatens to demolish the tomb of Hamlet. The tomb is situated near the Castle of Marienlyst, in the north of the island of Zealand, and from it there is an admirable

view over the sea. It is, moreover, an important source of revenue for Elsinore, since every year crowds of tourists visit it and also the fountain of Ophelia, which popular tradition has placed near the spot. Unfortunately, there is nothing whatever to show that Hamlet was ever at Elsinore in his life, and the tomb itself is like the Bells of Corneville. When the cult of Shakspeare arose in Germany, Elsinore, like the Norman village, found that it did not possess what should be its most valuable asset, and so, as Corneville has since done, it set to work to remedy the mistakes of history. In other words, it built the tomb in which Hamlet ought to have been buried, but was not, and it is this fictitious relic of the past which the railway, with a praiseworthy desire for historical accuracy, is about to sweep away.

Lady Jeune.

The rumour that Lady Jeune has written or is writing a novel is one of the greatest interest to Society at large, for it may be doubted if any Englishwoman belonging to the London world has so wide and varied an acquaintance. This brilliant lady has been twice married; she was originally a Mackenzie of Seaforth, and thus a daughter of one of the oldest and most famous of Scottish houses. Her first husband was a younger brother of Lord Stanley of Alderley, and his premature death deprived the British Army of a gallant and popular officer. The Hon. Mrs. Stanley's second choice fell on a brilliant young barrister, then only known to the elect few as Mr. Francis Jeune, now, of course, the President of the Probate and Divorce Court, where he carries on his difficult and delicate duties with the greatest judgment and impartiality. Sir Francis and Lady Jeune lately sustained one of the saddest bereavements which can befall a man and his wife—they lost their only son, a promising young soldier, from enteric in India. Lady Jeune is also the mother of two daughters, of whom the one is Mrs. St. John Brodrick and the other Mrs. Allhusen.

The American policeman has always been at liberty to club and to shoot the unoffending but otherwise free and independent citizen of the U.S.A., but hitherto he has been unfairly hampered by having to use both hands for the job. Now an inventor of Chicago has remedied that defect by designing a bâton - revolver which combines the two weapons in one. The barrels of the revolver are placed round the base of the club, which is firmly fixed into the handle of the weapon. Thus, if the citizen is not within clubbing distance, the policeman can still shoot him comfortably, and if, at close quarters, the pistol should happen to go off in the act of smiting him over the head, no harm can possibly be done—at least, not to the policeman.



LADY JEUNE, WIFE OF SIR FRANCIS JEUNE.

Photograph by Beresford.

The Queen as "Shopper." The San Francisco *Call* has a delightfully naïf paragraph purporting to describe the Queen as "shopper." "The Queen of England wrote this line to Lady Curzon," it says, "'Come and go bargain-hunting with me.'" Then comes an amusing medley of fiction: "The shops are visited, well-informed and obliging clerks display the dress goods and laces, and Her Majesty leaves the shop with a fine collection of pretty things for the Royal modistes to work upon. The only concession made to her rank is that the shops are cleared, or, at least, an aisle is reserved so that Her Majesty can bargain-hunt without hindrances. . . . She goes to the best houses, and is very partial to those who advertise bargains. She buys lengths of pongee and poplin, to which she is very partial, and she invests rather heavily in ladies' cloth, for there is never a time when Her Majesty has not a handsome new cloth gown." All of which is excellent—journalise.

More Lèse-Majesté. Count von Baudissin, who, as "Baron von Schlicht," followed Lieutenant Bilse's methods of attempting to quash military abuses by writing of them in a novel, and has met with less harsh treatment—a fine of three hundred marks in place of imprisonment—is well qualified, socially, for the task he undertook, although his literary abilities are scarcely greater than those of the author of "Aus Einer Kleinen Garnison." An aristocrat of aristocrats, he is a man of fine physique, highly cultivated, the possessor of artistic, literary, and musical tastes, and an accomplished linguist.

Madame Marthe Regnier.

Madame Marthe Regnier, who made such a decided success here last season as leading lady in the Riche Company at the Avenue, is credited with having the prettiest laugh of any actress on the French stage. She is, however, equally successful in tragedy as in comedy, and when she was studying at the Conservatoire she delighted her teachers by her extreme versatility. Madame Regnier has played in many noted comedies, including "Gertrude" and "Chaperon Rouge." She much enjoyed her stay in London and hopes to come back again next year. Like all Parisian comédiennes, she was astonished to see how admirably mounted are the simplest of our plays, but, unlike most French actresses, she attaches very little importance to the great and difficult question of dress, for, with Shakspeare, she considers that "the play's the thing," and not the frock. This, however, does not mean that Madame Marthe Regnier is indifferent to beautiful clothes. She is among those French actresses who may be said to set the fashion, and in this her newest photograph wears the latest Paris toque, of the shape known as the "Polichinelle," of which the only ornament is a bird with outstretched wings, while round her neck is a white fox.

Lord Roberts and the "Siege Babies."

Lord Roberts's tour in South Africa has been in the nature of a triumphal progress, for everywhere he has been most warmly welcomed, and nowhere more so than at Kimberley, whose inhabitants have good reason to remember the long siege. By a happy chance, the seventy-second anniversary of the great soldier's birth coincided with his visit to the town of diamonds, so the Mayor, Councillor H. A. Oliver, C.M.G., M.L.A., adopting a suggestion forwarded by a lady to the local paper, started a people's subscription, limited to shillings, in order that everyone might have an opportunity to contribute towards a present to the veteran Field-Marshal. Almost every European inhabitant of Kimberley subscribed, and in the end Lord Roberts was presented with two magnificent diamonds, without flaw and of perfect colour. During the siege some fifty babies were born, so it was decided that one of these should make the presentation, and ultimately the privilege was drawn for, the result being that Robert George Neilson,

a little boy of four, officiated. Then Miss Mavis Oliver, daughter of the Mayor and Mayoress, and herself a "siege baby," handed Lord Roberts a handsome album containing portraits and views and also a photograph of Botha's letter calling for the surrender of the town. Lord Roberts, who was enthusiastically applauded, made an eloquent little speech of thanks, and subsequently he and Lady Roberts took their stand, in the midst of the "siege babies," on the steps of the Town Hall, while the photograph reproduced on this page was taken. Most of the "siege babies" bear names recalling the war. Thus, while "French," "Buller," "Methuen," "Bobs," and "Keke-wich" occur, "Rhodes" is even more frequently used, and "Siege" seems most popular of all.

Rear-Admiral Rodjestvensky, who has gained unenviable notoriety by the action of the Baltic Squadron in firing upon North Sea trawlers, would seem hardly the type of man to suffer from nerves. One who knew him when he was a Captain and Naval Attaché at the Russian Embassy in London describes him as impassive, taciturn, and apparently preoccupied; yet it is said that when at Libau with his fleet he was so excited that he fired at one of his own officers who was approaching his ship in a boat. In Russia, he is recognised as "the silent Admiral," a Commander so keen that no detail of discipline or organisation escapes him, the owner of a grim and biting wit, and a man unpopular by reason of his unsociability.

The Sardar Inayat-ulla, who is to represent the Amir of Afghanistan in conference with officials of the British Government, is his father's eldest and favourite son, and is decidedly young, even for an Oriental, for the work entrusted to him. He is but fifteen, or thereabouts, but his position in the Afghan capital as heir to the throne, coupled with his reputation for intelligence, to say nothing of his permanent escort of sixty troops, makes him a sufficiently important personage. For the rest, it is said that he usually resides with his mother in the fortified Royal residence outside Kabul, that he is particularly partial to European clothes in conjunction with a native head-dress, and that, according to a September report, he was to have been married to the daughter of a powerful Afghan chief last month.



MADAME MARTHE REGNIER, THE CELEBRATED PARISIAN ACTRESS.

Photograph by Nadar, Paris.

LADY ROBERTS. LORD ROBERTS.



LORD AND LADY ROBERTS AT KIMBERLEY: THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN ON THE OCCASION OF HIS LORDSHIP'S BIRTHDAY, THE CHILDREN IN THE GROUP BEING "SIEGE BABIES."

By F. H. Hancox, Kimberley.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

FROM his headquarters to the south of Mukden, General Oyama reported last week to his Government that the bodies of slain Russians had been counted up to a point between the thirteenth and fourteenth thousand. Doubtless very many had not been found, and the wounded Russians were reckoned quite modestly at some fifty thousand. In another part of my morning paper one read the details of the Dogger Bank outrage, and its casualty list of two killed and six wounded. And it was clear to the meanest intelligence that the death and wounds of these eight fisher-folk constituted a greater catastrophe than the whole of the losses round the Manchurian river. In so far as death is to all men a thing of equal good or evil, it seemed for the moment hard to realise the difference in the possibility of results that might follow the legitimate destruction of thirteen thousand and the murder of two, between the permissible wounding of fifty thousand and the unwarrantable wounding of five or six. In one light, the incident reveals the power of the State to avenge; in another, it reveals the helplessness of the State to protect. In the end, one is left to wonder whether any other Power enjoying the courtesy title of "Great" could show among its men in authority such a vast collection of fools, knaves, and cowards as those responsible for the death of their own countrymen in the Far East and the death of the British fisher-folk in the North Sea.

While the allied and friendly nation is put to shame from Dan even to Beersheba, France is rapidly setting her house in order. "Father Combes," as the boulevardier loves to call him, has been too much for Mother Church, and the decree nisi that the Republic has obtained against the Vatican is likely to be made absolute. If I follow the news from Paris in my morning paper with more than common interest, it is because I was in the French capital for some time when the Church was exerting all its power to put an end to the Republic, when Royalist plots and intrigues were receiving considerable assistance from the politicians of the Vatican, and no sacrifice of principles was too great that allowed the highly placed *vauriens* of the Army to turn the Dreyfus case to their own ends. Happily for France, the Republic has never lacked great men. Perhaps the most interesting aspect of the destruction of the Concordat lies in the light that it throws upon the intellectual development of France. How can she remain the ally of Russia unless the Muscovite embraces civilisation seriously?

The Free Kirk and its Brethren. I read with regret in my morning paper that no *modus vivendi* has been reached by the negotiations between the seceders from the Free Church whose name is legion, and the fine old crusted variety of adherents to the original doctrines who number twenty-four. It will be remembered, even in these days when the Baltic Fleet, Mr. Beck, and the Rev. R. J. Campbell take so much of the public attention, that all the members

of the Free Church save some two dozen agreed to join a larger body, and that the minority, after carrying the case up to the House of Lords, were held entitled to the Free Church property. As a layman, I find the negotiations hard to follow, but it seems to me that the seceders are not trying any more to enforce their opinions upon the minority. "Of course, you are entitled to your opinions," they seem to say, "and it is very creditable to you to have fought so hard and to have carried the case up to the Lords; but, now you have the moral victory, you will, of course, allow us to administer the funds." The worthy Highlanders, on the other hand, are seemingly disposed to cling as tightly to the cash as they did to the creed, and the seceders are left to talk of promoting Acts of Parliament that will enable them to administer those Free Church assets in spite of the House of Lords.

I am pleased to see that one of the high officials of the Admiralty has been speaking about the necessity of improving the present methods of killing animals for food. It is a commonplace that we are a long way behind the rest of civilised Europe in our treatment of sheep and cattle; the abomination of the private slaughter-house is still suffered to exist throughout the length and breadth of the land. The Corporation of the City has done some good work to bring about a better condition of things, but outside the City's boundaries we are far behind the times; indeed, if I am not mistaken, the great Napoleon instituted the abattoirs of Paris. It would be a great triumph if some cheap, efficient method of administering an anæsthetic to doomed animals could be discovered. There are plenty of rewards for the man of science who can invent one, among them the solid prize of three hundred pounds offered by Sir Samuel Montagu, M.P., who sits for one of the London Divisions

and is at the head of the association that attends to the meat-supply of the Jewish community in London.

The "Red Mass." I was sorry to read that the Roman Catholic members of the Bench go no longer to Sardinia Street for the service preliminary to the opening of the Law Courts. I believe the service is comparatively modern, but so am I, and my teens had still to pass when I went for the first time to the church of Saints Anselm and Cecilia that had been in days of old the chapel of the Sardinian Legation. There the Catholic Judges gathered for Low Mass, and their presence lent a bit of colour to the dingy, forgotten street that must be lost in the Cathedral at Westminster. Then, again, the effect of the service was not reduced by the presence of unsympathetic sightseers, and one had just a suggestion of the fascinating religious warmth that we associate with the smaller and less notorious cathedrals of Italy and Spain. It always brought a shock to leave the church and find myself within a stone's-throw of the brand-new Law Courts. At Westminster, London is with you all the time.



IN A LONDON THEATRE: "PAPER?"

Artists' Sitters. By Dudley Hardy.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

MISS ELEANOR ROBSON AND SOME AMERICAN CRITICISMS.

IT appears that Miss Eleanor Robson, who is charming Londoners by her admirable performance in "Merely Mary Ann," is anxious to contradict a rumour—which I have not heard—that she has never acted in a Shaksperian play. The rumour does not seem very malicious or harmful, but apparently has grieved her. Consequently, on her behalf, a pamphlet of thirty pages, with a dozen illustrations printed in a costly fashion, has been forwarded to me. It is called "Eleanor Robson," and contains "Some impartial excerpts from the various reviews of the critics in those cities visited, having special reference to Miss Robson's signal triumph, which by general acclaim was accounted the most pronounced since that of the greatest of all modern Juliets, Adelaide Neilson." One may describe it as an *édition-de-luxe* of her Press-cuttings connected with a tour in the States as Juliet during part of 1903. I have seen several pamphlets of a somewhat similar character concerning American actresses, but none that I remember in relation to an English player. Apparently our actresses have not recognised so fully as their sisters across the ocean how sweet are the uses of advertisement. Perhaps this is partly because the Americans, as a people, are keener advertisers than we in the Old Country. An American magazine that I buy monthly tends to show the truth of this suggestion. For each number contains a collection of advertisements of persons, colleges, and even "Universities," whose function is to teach people the craft—ought I to say, art?—of writing advertisements, and to train them for the trade—is the term profession more correct?—of advertisement agents, canvassers, inventors, &c. Our work of this class is done by amateurs untaught in special colleges or universities. On studying the almost countless pages of advertisements in the magazine, I fail to see any evidence that the trained writers of advertisements are more skilful than our mere amateurs: perhaps we have a greater natural aptitude. Another part of the magazine that I read is a regular article of many pages, with numerous illustrations, concerning the players before the public in the States. It may seem a humble taste thus to study the advertisements, but, as a simple student of mankind, I venture to suggest that philosophers in dealing with nations may well act on my theory—by their advertisements ye shall know them.

Without malice, I may observe that this pamphlet would not have been sent if the "impartial Press excerpts" had been unfavourable. It is only fair to add that the trick of publishing garbled, misleading extracts, not rare in English theatrical advertisements, has not been adopted, and, indeed, that some passages of faint praise appear rather quaintly. The general opinion upon her performance is so favourable that I hope we shall have an opportunity of forming an opinion of our own. Many of my American brother-workers allege that she showed genius—a word in the use of which I am very chary—others that she displayed a promise of genius, whilst some are so niggardly as to employ such a phrase as "There is still enough promise to escape censure." A group of choice selected sentences contains the following: "Her Juliet rings true in all its exquisite tones of heart-throbbing and heart-breaking"; "A young American woman upon whose brow the Fates have set the mark of future renown"—the word "future" seems a little malicious—"She sounded the note of tragedy to its death and made it the most effective moment of the play"—there is a curious ambiguity in the "to its death"—"The delicacy and finish of her art as the Lady Juliet were a revelation of rare power"; "Her interpretation was little short of absolute perfection."

To me there are two really interesting aspects of the pamphlet: one is the indication of the style adopted by the American dramatic critics, and the other is suggested by the following phrase (from the *Philadelphia Telegraph*): "It is a pleasure in which there may be

much profit to have the privilege of passing the evening with gentlefolk whose command of English expression is so perfect." You will note the phrase "command of English expression," and take it with the fact that Mr. Kyrle Bellew, an English actor, was the Romeo. We all know that in the States the Englishman is supposed to use his native tongue with an accent—a British not an English accent; whilst it is asserted that the Americans speak our language with the true English accent. So far as I am aware, no serious claim has yet been put forward actually to call the speech of our forefathers American. It is curious, however, to note that most of the players from the States who present themselves here show signs of an effort to drop what we arrogantly call an American accent or twang when they act in serious drama. If it were discreet, one could name a dozen players from across the ocean whose speech hardly betrays them when they are on our stage. Let us not think that this is a mere concession to our prejudice. Indeed, the many English actors and actresses who play in American Companies make no effort to attune their tongues to the local ears, and I can hardly believe that our guests are less independent. So, after all, one may feel—gladly at a time when we are being severely Americanised—that the reference to the gentlefolk with a perfect command of English expression really implies a complimentary recognition of the fact that, after all, the English do speak English—sometimes.

The style of some of the writing is interesting. Perhaps the critic in the *New York Herald* who wrote "When the element of tragedy was required, she rose to it with a depth and power," &c. (the italics are mine), has but recently come from the Emerald Isle. This—from another New York paper—is rather a gem: "Tears have been showered by all Juliets. Miss Robson, with

the cold, clear blue eyes and bronze hair of the North, in a maidenly simper cries out with her intelligence rather than her heart, and she gives a very effective demonstration of the lady's distress, which shows, perhaps, more good sense than the black-eyed, black-haired, fourteen-year-old original Juliet had beneath her lace cap." I believe this is intended to be complimentary, though it looks actionable, and seems a comprehensive way of saying that Miss Robson's Juliet was unlike Shakspeare's. The same hand, apparently, in a St. Louis paper, speaks of the "maidenly simper," and the crying out with the intelligence "rather than the heart, which is something to be expected of so brilliant a mind as that which rested beneath the lace cap of this fair Capulet." The *Utica Observer* kindly says, "She was not a péevish, smelling-salts Juliet, but a womanly one," and the *Cleveland Leader* asserts that "There wasn't one cancer-spot of sophistication in it." The *Columbus Press* tells us, "Her Juliet caught, with a wealth of temperamental, artistic, and intelligent contacts, the possibilities of this creation of the great poet . . . and was portrayed in emotional manifestations that vibrated with the reality of their soul disclosures." The American papers avoid, as a rule, the touch of gentility that causes us to write of an actress as a lady or a young lady. The *New York Press*, speaking of Miss Robson, says: "We had known this worthy young woman's limitations"—somehow, this does sound like a guarded character for a plain cook—"we had seen what a far flight it was from the barefooted heroine of one of the six best-selling novels to Juliet, and we had marveled (*sic*) at the courage, not to say the assurance, with which she had spread her wings for the journey. . . . If she is not wholly convincing in the grief at the parental anger and in the tragedy of the tomb, there is still enough promise to escape censure." Perhaps such phrases, though they sound strange to us, do not surprise or amuse those for whom they were written: in any event, it seems to me that these specimens will interest English readers.



MISS KATHLEEN DAWN,
PLAYING IN "THE CATCH OF THE SEASON," AT THE
VAUDEVILLE.
Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE AS PRINCESS ELEANOR OF NOVODNIA IN "THE GARDEN OF LIES," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

LOGGING IN CALIFORNIA: TWO TYPICAL VIEWS.



CATTLE TRACTION: AN AWKWARD SLOPE.



HORSE TRACTION: A PRIMITIVE RAILWAY.

Photographs by Pierce and Co., Los Angeles, California.

"LAL" IN SOUTH LAMBETH: TWO TYPICAL VIEWS.



MR. LIONEL BROUGH AND HIS DAUGHTER MARY IN THE GROUNDS OF PERCY VILLA.



PERCY VILLA, SOUTH LAMBETH: A PRETTY VIEW OF THE HOUSE AND GARDEN.

Photographs by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

AIRY NOTHINGS.

By CONRAD WEGUELIN.

"CONFIDENCE," the Professor mused, "is everything. The man who has confidence in water cannot sink; the man who has confidence in air cannot fall. Why is this? Simply because, as I have clearly demonstrated, there is no such thing as Matter." He rose and threw open the window. For an instant he poised himself upon the ledge; then he floated out into the night.

His flight took an upward course, because he felt that his fellow-mortals were hardly ready to receive and appreciate the incalculable benefits of his unique discovery. The city buzzed beneath him like a hive.

"It is surprising," the Professor went on musing, "that humanity should have been so long in discovering this most simple law. Observe!" He spoke to foggy air. "Up—down—sideways, simply by force of will. No inflated bags of gas; no pumping-engines; no—Ah! The mere mention of Matter, I find, acts as a heavy load. To whom shall I demonstrate my new and remarkable powers—to Professor Shovelupp, that absurd materialist? Shall I once and for all pulverise—how absurd our language is, to be sure!—his preposterous theories? I think not. Why should I trouble my colossal intellect with inferior arguments and ridiculous deductions? And yet, such are the absurdities

that still cling to me that it would give this existless Ego a certain amount of pleasure to float through the walls of Professor Shovelupp's house and demonstrate that I could not possibly kick him because he was, in point of fact, not there. Something looms ahead of me. St. Paul's Cathedral. The minds of men have imagined it to be here for so long that here it is—not as a fact, of course, but as a fancy. I will rest, in imagination, upon this dome, and view the world anew. There is nothing but me; and yet I seem to see a city. I hear its murmur. People hurry to and fro—little feet beneath top-hats. Shall I float down among them and show them their latent power? Not yet. I am too young. I have only just been born. It might be that I myself should believe I was the possessor of a frock-coat and top-hat. By the way, what am I wearing? Ha, ha! Ridiculous, to be sure! I am a thought—a thought alone in space; my fetters have fallen from me; I am free. Shall I dive through the invisible, thought-born earth, or ascend among the twinkling, dream-born stars? Time—the interval between one sensation and another—is the only thing that has not ceased to exist; and yet I see a crowd of beings, such as myself, who imagine that the soles of their feet are riveted to the ground. So long as they continue

to think so, so long shall they toil for wholly useless discs of metal. Wonderful! And yet—Ha, ha!—Professor Shovelupp believes that the solid ground he stamps upon is really there. I will run Professor Shovelupp through with his own umbrella; I will pass his signet-ring into a bottle of his oldest wine without drawing the cork! Professor Shovelupp shall know that I was right, and that he—he who reviled my article in which I set forth my theory—was wholly wrong.

"It will be difficult. He will assert that these are the tricks of a mountebank. Besides—horrid thought!—his belief in Matter might influence the demonstration. Dare I risk it?"

"I—Eh? What? Oh, very well, my dear! I fear I have been dozing; but, all the same, Professor Shovelupp is wrong."

"L'ENTENTE CORDIALE."

By KATHARINE TYNAN.

They meet, they bow, shake hands, agree
 "Il fait beau temps"; the bluest sea
 Basks in the sunniest air;
 The bluest sky is overhead,
 Pink are the houses, green and red
 Shuttered against the glare.

The little Curé wipes his brow:
 It is the Patronage, and now,
 Shepherd of simple souls,
 He calls all day to prayer and praise,
 Like his church-bell that through the days
 From the gray belfry rolls.

The flaxen children steal anigh:
 Finger in mouth, with curious eye
 They press as to a feast;
 The white-capped women crowd to see
 M. le Curé smile, agree
 With the great English priest.

They listen open-mouthed to hear
 Talk of great import to the ear—
 Concordats, Church and State;
 But they are wise, these two, be sure!
 Yet "très aimable" to the poor
 For a'l their learning great.



[DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.]

"L'ENTENTE CORDIALE."

The Humourist at a Local Race-Meeting.



DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I.

OPENING OF THE HUNTING SEASON:

SOME LUXURIOUS HUNTING-LODGES IN THE MIDLANDS.



THORPE LUBENHAM, MARKET HARBOROUGH
(MR. GORDON CUNARD).



HAMILTON LODGE, MELTON MOWBRAY (LORD HAMILTON
OF DALZIEL).



BADMINTON HOUSE, BADMINTON (DUKE OF BEAUFORT).



ALTHORP PARK, NORTHAMPTON (EARL SPENCER).



CRAVEN LODGE, MELTON MOWBRAY (COLONEL E. H. HALDOCK).



EGERTON LODGE, MELTON MOWBRAY (COUNTESS OF WILTON).



EAST HADDON HALL, NORTHAMPTON (MR. D. C. GUTHRIE).



IVY HOUSE, DUNCHURCH, RUGBY (MR. A. NEILSON).

OPENING OF THE HUNTING SEASON:

SOME LUXURIOUS HUNTING-LODGES IN THE MIDLANDS.



HOLDENBY HOUSE, NORTHAMPTON (LORD ANNALY).



FITZJOHN'S, RUGBY (SIR SPENCER MARYON-WILSON).



COMTE DE MADRE'S MOVABLE HUNTING-BOX, NOW AT RUGBY.



THE ELMS, DUNCHURCH, RUGBY (MR. FERDINAND ARKWRIGHT)



THE CROFT, HILLMORTON, RUGBY (MR. G. A. FENWICK).



LORD REVELSTOKE'S BOX AT MARKET HARBOROUGH.



NEWNHAM PADDOX, NEAR RUGBY (LORD DENBIGH)



DINGLEY HALL, MARKET HARBOROUGH (VISCOUNT DOWNE).

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

BRAIN-WORKERS will be interested in the article on Fatigue which an eminent physician, Sir W. R. Gowers, contributes to the *Quarterly Review*. They may not, however, find much that will help them. The author says it is curious that a fact of life so keenly and generally felt as is fatigue should have received systematic study only in recent years, and he confesses that even the latest research can teach us little of the nature of weariness. I fancy that the pressure of modern life makes weariness much more common than it used to be. Most men nowadays work under a greater strain than they did twenty years ago. There is more labour and there is more worry. As to the remedy, Sir W. R. Gowers has little to say, and that he says very cautiously and dubiously. He seems to hold that rest is more important than recreation. Though he believes in the advantage of exercise in the open air, he stipulates that, to be useful, exertion must be moderate. Recreation is valuable in proportion as it involves a thorough change in the character of nerve activity. "But it should always be remembered that no recreation is possible if that which is thus designated simply replaces one form of fatigue by another form. Many a holiday is rendered useless by such disregard of the dictates of that rare practical wisdom to which, as if in irony, we apply the designation common-sense." Sir W. R. Gowers holds that fatigue is prevented by change of work only if the work is not too heavy. A different form of mental work may involve the gentle activity that is conducive to better replacement of old constituents by new, and may thus promote the general well-being of the brain.

A new book of much interest is "Fragments of Prose and Poetry," by the late F. W. H. Myers, which have been edited by his wife, Evelleen Myers, and are published by Messrs. Longmans. The obituary notices, which are all characterised by the grace which was never wanting in Mr. Myers' style, are on Edmund Gurney, Professor Adams, R. L. Stevenson, Lord Leighton, Mr. Gladstone, John Ruskin, and Henry Sidgwick. There are some fragments of autobiography dealing with the writer's parentage and education, and the mutations of his religious belief from Hellenism to Christianity, from Christianity to Agnosticism, and from Agnosticism to the final faith in which he died—a faith which has hardly found a name, but which may be described as, at any rate, a phase of Christian belief.

Mr. Neil Munro tells a curious story of the origin of Mr. Hardy's "Tess." When Hardy was a boy he used to come into Dorchester to school, and he made the acquaintance of a woman there who, with her husband, kept an inn. She was beautiful, good, and kind, but married to a dissipated scoundrel who was unfaithful to her. One day she discovered her husband under circumstances which so roused her passion that she stabbed him with a knife and killed him. She was tried, convicted, and condemned to execution. Young Hardy, with another boy, came into Dorchester and witnessed the execution from a tree that overlooked the yard in which the gallows was placed. He never forgot the rustle of the thin black gown the woman was wearing as she was led forth by the warders. A penetrating

rain was falling; the white cap was no sooner over the woman's head than it clung to her features, and the noose was put round the neck of what looked like a marble statue. Hardy looked at the scene with a strange illusion of its being unreal, and was brought to his complete senses when the drop fell with a thud and his companion on a lower branch of the tree fell fainting to the ground. The tragedy haunted Hardy, and, at last, provided the emotional inspiration and some of the matter for "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

Messrs. Methuen will publish immediately a large book on the Duke of Devonshire, by Henry Leach. It is said to be the first attempt to present to readers a record of the Duke's career. It contains a full account of the Duke's early training, his first election experiences and entry into Parliament, his political progress and features of his life in Parliament, and there are chapters on his marriage, personal characteristics, social, business, educational, and sporting interests, and his relations with his contemporaries. The whole is illustrated with much original anecdotal matter.

The first rarity of any importance which has come into the modern book-market this season is the separate issue of Charles Lamb's prose version of "Othello," published in the early part of 1807, months in advance of the two-volume edition of the "Tales from Shakespeare," by Lamb and his sister. Only two copies are in existence. One of them, in the possession of Mr. T. J. Wise, the English collector, lacks the covers and has a defective title-page. The American copy possesses the original covers and is perfect. It was valued at two hundred pounds when it was supposed to be unique.

A magnificent edition of the Bible in five folio volumes is to appear simultaneously in London, New York, and Amsterdam this autumn. It has occupied about ten years in production. The contents are the complete text of the Authorised Version. The original style of the paragraphing has been followed. Every page throughout the book has

a decoration at the top, and the columns and the end of each book have decorative tailpieces, which have been designed by Walter Crane. Among those who contributed to the illustrations are E. A. Abbey, whose subjects are "Jacob Wrestling with the Angel," "Deborah," "Gideon," "The Stratagem of Gideon," "The Lepers," and "Christ Standing at the Door"; Sir L. Alma-Tadema, "The Death of the First-Born"; Walter Crane, J. L. Gérôme, and J. M. Swan. The printing of the illustrations has been done by Lemercier, of Paris, and they are all of a size sufficiently large to make them pictures rather than prints. They will also be suitable for framing, as they are as large as the average picture made for this purpose, and they have been reproduced to this size so that none of the qualities of the original should be lost.

The new story by the author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," will be published next spring by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. It is the tale of a little Scotch boy who ships from Glasgow as a stowaway and is brought up in Kentucky.

O. O.



MR. AND MRS. COULSON KERNAHAN AT HOME.

MESSRS. HODDER AND STOUGHTON HAVE RECENTLY PUBLISHED MR. COULSON KERNAHAN'S NEW BOOK, ENTITLED "THE FACE BEYOND THE DOOR," A COMPANION VOLUME TO "THE CHILD, THE WISE MAN, AND THE DEVIL."

Photograph by Ernest H. Mills.

SIX NEW BOOKS.

"THE BRIDGE OF LIFE."
By DOROTHEA GERARD.
(Methuen, 6s.)

Dorothea Gerard (Madame Longard de Longgarde) has hit upon a really striking idea for this novel—that of a great doctor who kills off those of his patients whose family history shows any trace of hereditary disease. His dream is to purify humanity, so that posterity may be free from such scourges as cancer and consumption.

Thanks to a marvellous poison, the gift of an aged Brahmin, Dr. Lamont is able to postpone death for as long as two months, and, as the poison leaves no trace in the victim's body, he is apparently quite safe. But the victims behave, just before death, exactly like the animals in whose bodies they resided in the preceding incarnation. Thus we have a most moving description of a poor, little girl who had evidently been a cat before, and who spends almost her last moments in squatting over a mouse-hole. This case and others arouse the suspicions of a colleague of Dr. Lamont's, Dr. Grierson, who gets on the right scent and goes to India to

divisions to atone for an occasional dragging in the telling, a certain triteness in manner and matter. For ourselves, we cannot pretend that the stories are anything but fugitive; read to while away an idle hour or two they will suffice, but they will not remain in the memory. To criticise them all in detail is as unnecessary as it would be wearisome, but it may be well to caution the reader that Mr. Barr, following a time-honoured but somewhat dangerous precedent set by the variety theatres, prefers to lead off with his less fascinating work, in order that the interest may be cumulative and that each section of his book may have a fair chance. Later, he sandwiches the indifferent between the good. On the whole, "The Millionaire's Opportunity," which concerns itself with a deal in soap, is, perhaps, the best, but "The Telegraph Message," a story of the Board of Trade office in Disapolis, and "A Romance of the Middle Ages"—"Marjory Eastcourt, aged thirty-six; Elizabeth Zane, aged forty-one; and Ronald Latimer, aged forty-seven"—run it close.

"THERE AND BACK."
By FRANK RICHARDSON.
(Chatto and Windus, 6s.)

Mr. Frank Richardson is a clever person, but he repeats the same joke too often. We hope the day may yet come when it will not be necessary to describe a new novel from his pen as a dissertation on whiskers. The jest is played out. And several more of Mr. Richardson's comic effects put our sense of humour to a severe strain. Still, our humility is sufficient. We begin to suspect that we may be akin to the stupid people who do not always laugh at the right place in a theatre. Dense or not, we do not wish to yawn. Topsy-turviness, of course, is quite a recognised form of fun. But the author of "There and Back" would hardly be likely to forgive us if we called him conventional. So we hasten to make amends. His story is readable enough in parts—but, then, it is not a story. That paradox will possibly afford the writer his revenge. It is something to be able to write a whole book of the orthodox number of pages in the comic-opera vein. Moreover, we admit that a series of disjointed sketches, flavoured with timely references to the follies, fancies, and even personalities of the hour, might serve to pass the time—with music. Unfortunately the music is wanting here. Harmony, for instance, or even discord, which real people might supply, would be very welcome. The worst of it is that Mr. Richardson does not seem to care for real people, and we are far from being convinced that he possesses the genius necessary to bring him fame as a caricaturist. In "There and Back" failure is present both as substance and shadow, for the serious must be saddened by these impossible antics, and repetition coupled with imitation will only irritate the light-hearted.

"IN FEAR OF MAN."
By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.
(Everett, 6s.)

"In Fear of Man" reveals its author a dealer in fact rather than in fancy. His subject is by no means new—the clergyman with a drunken or otherwise immoral wife has figured frequently in fiction; witness, most recently, "The Ragged Messenger"—but, handled with skill, it might have been lifted from the commonplace as Mr. W. B. Maxwell lifted it. It should have been tragedy; Mr. Adcock makes it tragedy and water; he has knowledge but insufficient imagination, the material but not the manner. No one will deny that, in the main, his characters are true and their environment ably indicated, his plot feasible, but that is not enough. Something more than a mere record is wanted, and it is just that something that is not supplied. Mr. Adcock suggests the writer of "solid" articles trying his hand at pure romance.

"THE DORÉ DANTE."
(Cassell, 2 vols., 16s. each.)

The time has gone by when it was the custom of many Londoners and visitors from the provinces to sit for hours in the Bond Street Gallery before one of Doré's masterpieces, for the tide of fashion has turned and the name of the great artist who passed away more than a score of years ago is no longer one to conjure with. But Doré's pictures and his memory are still held sacred in innumerable British homes, and the new issue of the works of the immortal Italian poet illustrated by him will doubtless have a warm welcome. Volume I. comprises "The Vision of Hell," while the second volume contains "The Vision of Purgatory and Paradise," each translated by the Rev. Henry Francis Cary, M.A., and supplied with voluminous critical and explanatory notes. The first volume contains also a scholarly Life of Dante, together with a Chronological View of the Age in which he lived. Whatever may be the opinion of the art-critic with regard to Doré's work, it is impossible even to glance through these two volumes without a feeling of profound respect for the attainments of an artist who, though he died at a comparatively early age and left behind him so many canvases of colossal size, yet found time to produce nearly a hundred and fifty illustrations for Dante's works, and these, too, showing an understanding of and reverence for the poet's conceptions that approach the marvellous. "The Doré Dante" is beautifully printed on good paper and the illustrations have been very carefully dealt with.

"THE PROGRESS OF
RACHEL."
By ADELINE SERGEANT.
(Methuen, 6s.)

Miss Sergeant has often been accused of over-production, but we could forgive her many inferior novels for the sake of one as good as this. In truth, it is an excellent story, well constructed, and full of genuine feeling and insight into character. Rachel is the only child of an appallingly vulgar self-made millionaire, Jabez Newbolt. Her mother, who had been a mill-hand, died in Rachel's childhood, and the girl grows up with practically no education and certainly none of the refinements of civilisation. In the ordinary course she would have married her cousin Alfred, an insignificant, common little man. By accident, however, the three Newbolts meet two brothers, Carl and Louis Ambray, in a picturesque French town. Carl is a capital fellow, humorous, cheerful, the soul of good-nature; but Louis is more serious, and is, indeed, to be quite candid, a pretty considerable prig. Naturally, it is with Louis that Rachel falls in love. How she saves his life, how they marry and drift apart for a time owing to his priggishness, and how they ultimately come together again really as lovers—all this and much else Miss Sergeant portrays with equal vividness and naturalness.

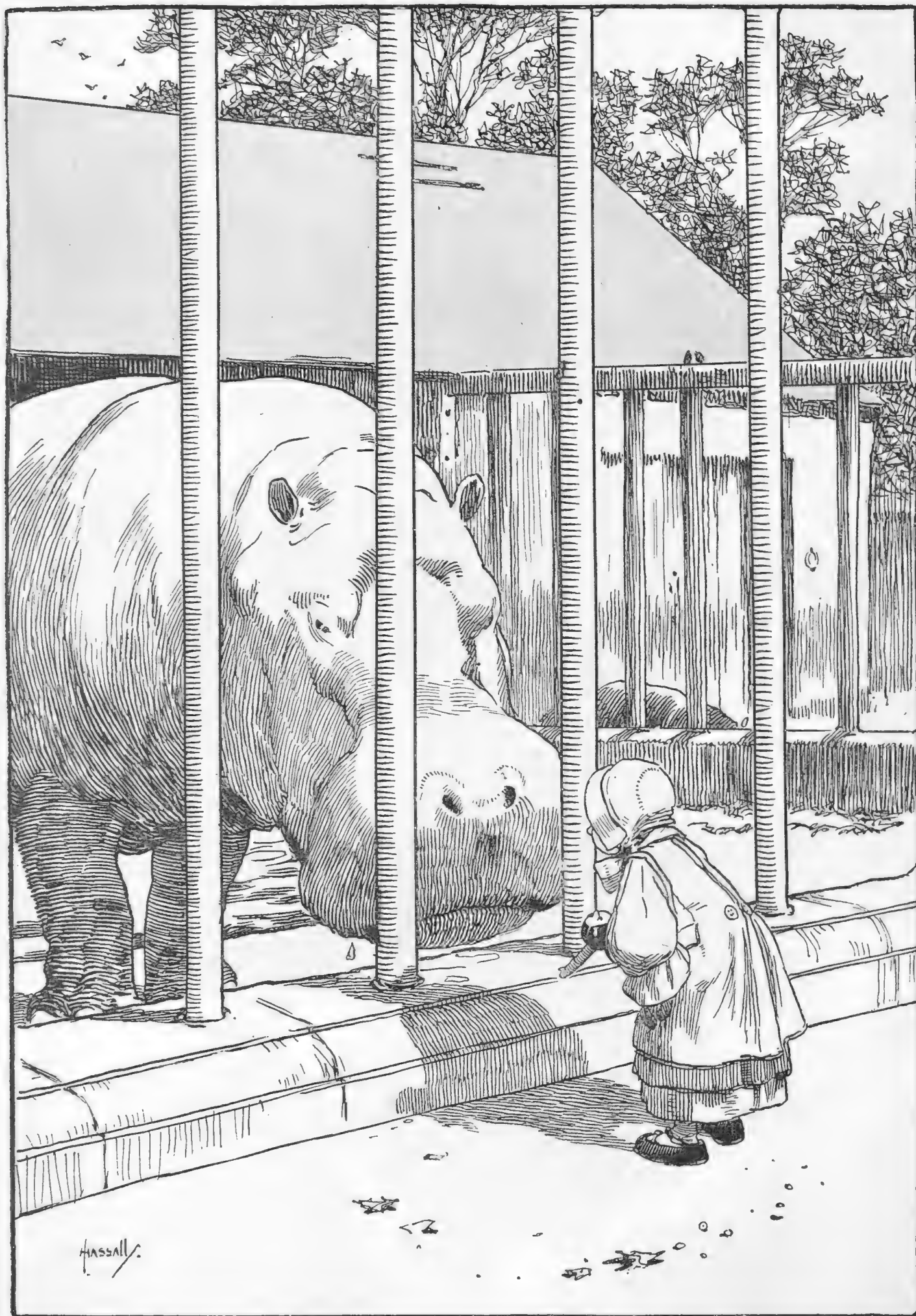
"THE LADY ELECTRA."
By ROBERT BARR.
(Methuen, 6s.)

Sinning in good company, Mr. Robert Barr has courted the condemnation of the captious by allowing a collection of short stories to masquerade under the single heading usually taken to imply a full-blown novel; but there will be many who will pardon him in consideration of the work that single heading covers, more especially as "The Lady Electra," as Mr. Barr will have electricity, takes prominent place, in one form or another, in the majority of his thirteen tales. That vast public, the "magazine" public, which seeks only to be amused and prefers its amusements to tax the mind as little as possible, will find nothing amiss with the book—will, indeed, permit the "surprise-endings" of most of its



MR. HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR,
THE FAMOUS EXPLORER, WHO HAS JUST PUBLISHED A NEW
BOOK, ENTITLED "GEMS OF THE EAST"
Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

Studies of Children. By John Hassall.



V.—“OH, MUMMY, CAN I HAVE ONE OF THESE?”

Dahn our Alley. Drawn by Frank Chesworth.

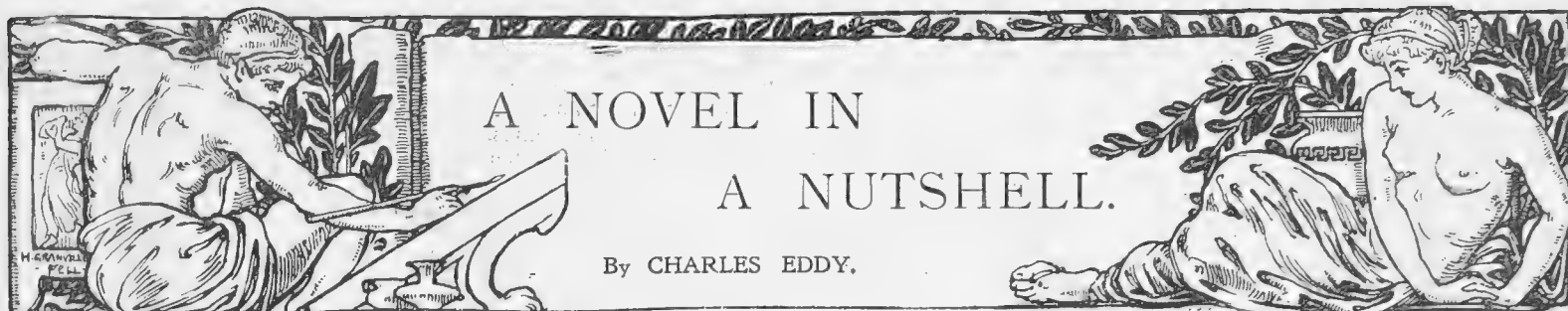


The Prehistoric Excuse.



"What on earth makes you so late?"
 "Club, dear."

DRAWN BY C. FLEMING-WILLIAMS.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

By CHARLES EDDY.

THE MISTAKEN-IDENTITY CRAZE.

MR. JOHN CARTER turned the newspaper in and out with testy action. "There's nothing nowadays but this mistaken-identity nonsense," said he. "One man being taken for another and put in prison and falsely accused and claiming compensation. It's all rubbish! Just a craze!"

"H'm, h'm," replied his wife, who encouraged the habit of reading novels at breakfast and who had been too engrossed even to look up when her husband descended rather later than usual.

"I don't believe a word of it," he continued. "If a man can't prove where he was at a certain time, then I say that he was somewhere he shouldn't be, and whether he's clapped into jail for one thing or the other, it doesn't matter."

"H'm, h'm," said Mrs. Carter, absently.

"There's no smoke without fire," he declared; "and if you put the smoke out, you'll find the—I mean, if you put the fire out, you'll find the—" The metaphor not panning out easily, Mr. Carter stopped.

"H'm, h'm," said his wife, for the third time.

He looked at her furtively over the top of his paper with uneasy eyes that belied the aggressive irritability of his tones. He was not in truth really irritable—he was rather frightened, and his testiness was the natural outcome of inability to justify himself. He had perpetrated a deed that morning which appalled him now that it was irrevocable. He had not done such a thing for twenty-five years, and he would have given anything in reason to undo it. He had, in fact, shaved off his beard. He had been out to dinner—and what not—the previous night, *en garçon*. It was the date of the monthly banquet of his Lodge, and Mrs. Carter tolerated the custom, though without any warmth; but, on this particular occasion, he had absented himself from his Lodge as well as from his home, and he had not, so far, explained the altered circumstances. Indeed, his explanation was postponed indefinitely by the circumstance that he had expressly stated (as he left his house) that he was bound for Freemasons' Tavern.

Of friendly disposition and warm affections, he had cheerfully listened to a suggestion made by a lady that he would look much younger without a beard; that it hid his mouth and chin, which were not ill-shaped; that—but it is necessary to deal with things in their proper order. Most of us would do much to recover but a portion of our early manhood, and Mr. Carter—who was a man of impulse—had readily promised to do away with his beard, and, what was worse, had done it.

So he fidgeted and tried to feel cross. He had stared into the mirror in alarm at the naked appearance of his neck and chin, when his hirsute protection had been swept away. He saw what he had never seen before, a second chin half hiding itself beneath the first, as though ashamed of being suddenly exposed to the world; and in his perturbation he had given it a gash as a finishing touch, which brought its existence into painful prominence.

Mrs. Carter finished a chapter and put down the book with a sigh. Her eyes rose to those of her husband, which shifted uneasily as their gaze met. A look of incredulous wonder spread over her buxom countenance. "What—whatever have you done to yourself, John?" she half-gasped.

He contorted his features into his nearest recollection of a smirk.

"What a sight you look!" she exclaimed.

"I thought you'd like it, Flora," said he.

"You thought! Why didn't you ask me first?" she demanded.

"I—I hoped it would be a little surprise." He still tried to smile.

"Have you seen yourself?" she asked, sternly.

"Yes, I—I've looked in the glass."

"Well, I never! Do you know what you look like? You look like—like—you look like—pork," she said, with a snap.

"I'm sorry if you don't like it, Flora," said he, with an assumption of joviality. "I must try to put it on again."

She stared at him in a disconcerting way, and presently—as the result of overmuch novel-reading—a dreadful thought grew in her mind. "John, you haven't done anything, have you?"

"Done anything?"

"Some crime," she whispered.

"No, no; certainly not! What nonsense!"

"Where were you last night?" she asked, darkly.

"Last night? At the—the Lodge, of course." He tried to meet her eye, but failed.

"John, there is some mystery. Confess to me. I am your wife. You can depend on me."

"My dear Flora, don't be absurd. The only crime I have committed, if crime it be, is that I have cut off my beard."

Mrs. Carter looked disappointed. "You've cut yourself as well," she remarked, coldly, "and I never knew you had a double chin."

"I didn't know it either," said he.

"Let us hope you have not a double life into the bargain," said she, and left the room.

Mr. Carter, after brooding for awhile, turned again to his newspaper, where he was once more confronted with columns of "Mistaken Identity."

"Bosh!" he exclaimed, letting off some of his annoyance. "If one man's fool enough to be like another, let him take the consequences."

It might have been an hour later, as he was enjoying his pipe in the garden, that he heard a peremptory summons on the front-door bell.

"Who can that be?" he wondered, and was idly strolling towards the French-windows of the breakfast-room, when he suddenly stopped. Wilkins, the housemaid, with a scared face, appeared in the framework, side-by-side with a bulky policeman. Immediately behind, with clasped hands and an affrighted expression, was his wife.

With a little run, she outstripped the officer and reached his side.

"Oh, John, what have you done?" she cried.

"Done?" said he. "Done? Nothing. What is it?"

"Are you Mr. John Carter?" asked the policeman.

"That's my name."

"Of 'The Willows,' 285, Clapham Park Avenue?"

"Yes. But what is it?"

"I must trouble you to come with me to the Piccadilly Police Court."

"What for?" he asked, unaccountably trembling.

"You didn't appear this morning, so I've come to fetch you." The man spoke in a stolid way, with an air that plainly said it was no good trying to humbug him.

"B—but I don't understand!" exclaimed Mr. Carter, in agitation. "W—what is it? W—what have I done?"

"Oh, I expect you know as well as anyone," said the officer. "You weren't drunk as well."

"Weren't drunk!" cried the criminal. "How dare you!"

"Anything that you say may be used against you," observed the man.

"But what is it?" interrupted Mrs. Carter. "What is it about? What has he done?"

The policeman grinned.

"Well, M'm, it isn't very serious. The charge was creating a disturbance at the Palm-Tree Restaurant, refusing to pay the bill, and assaulting a waiter."

"Oh!" cried the lady. "John, is this true?"

"Not a word of truth in it!" he exclaimed, indignantly. "The Palm-Tree! I wasn't there. I deny it altogether."

"You gave your card, and you were let go on the understanding that you would appear this morning. You didn't appear, and I was sent for you."

"It's a monstrous injustice!" vociferated Mr. Carter. "I tell you I wasn't there. I wasn't near the place. You're mistaken. It's mistaken—mistaken identity, that's what it is!"

"I don't know anything about that," said the officer. "My orders are to take you back."

"But I refuse to come. I say I wasn't there. Look at me! Am I the same man?"

"I wasn't there when the charge was taken; but they gave me the description. Here it is: 'Elderly, stout, grey beard—'"

"Grey beard!" cried Mrs. Carter. "Heavens!"

The officer looked up.

"He's shaved it off!" gasped the housemaid, in an awestruck whisper.

"Has he?" said the man. "That's against him, anyhow."

Carter turned in agitated wrath upon Wilkins.

"How dare you, woman! How dare you!"

"John, what have you done—what have you done?" implored his wife.

"I have shaved myself," said he, in despair. "It is a free country. That's no crime."

"Well, I must ask you to come along quietly," said the policeman. "The Court's sitting, and if you keep them waiting it'll be the worse for you."

"But I tell you I'm not the man—I'm not the man!" declared John Carter. "It couldn't have been me—I wasn't there."

"Where were you, then?" asked the officer, tolerantly.

"I was—I was——" Beads of perspiration rose to his brow, and he looked in newly awakened horror first at his wife and then at the law-representative. His voice died away.

"Tell him, John; tell him," urged Flora.

"I was at—at——" Again he came to a miserable pause.

"I know where he was," interposed Mrs. Carter, excitedly. "He was at his Lodge—at a banquet—at Freemasons' Tavern."

Mr. Carter went deathly pale.

"Weren't you, John? Speak! For goodness' sake, speak!"

"Yes," he stammered; "no—no—yes. Of course! I wasn't there, I say. You've got the wrong man." His voice died away in a groan.

"You must tell all that to the Magistrate," said the officer, abruptly. "You've got to come with me now. I hope you'll go quietly. If you like to pay for a cab, you can be driven in that."

"I wasn't there—I wasn't there!" moaned the victim.

"Come on, sir," said the man, with decision. "I can't wait. If you can prove an alibi——"

"An alibi?" murmured Carter.

"Of course he can prove an alibi!" said Mrs. Carter, who was recovering her nerve, although still very pale. "I'll go round to Mr. Perkins at once." Mr. Perkins was the Senior Warden of her husband's Lodge, and he led a retired life in the neighbourhood.

"No, no, Flora!" begged John.

"I certainly shall," said she.

"No, no! Oh, dear, dear, what shall I do?" The terrors of his position nearly overcame him.

"You must come along," said the policeman, and led him unresisting through the house to the garden-gate.

"I'll be there almost as soon as you, John!" half-screamed his wife, as she fled upstairs to don her walking-attire.

"Stop her, stop her, Wilkins," murmured the unhappy man. "Stop her, I say!" he cried, fiercely.

"I never see anything like it," exclaimed the housemaid, who had been all eyes and ears and open mouth from start to finish.

"Will you have a cab?" asked the officer.

"Yes, yes, and my great-coat," he replied.

A cab was called, and, muffled to his eyes in his biggest garment, Mr. Carter was placed in the vehicle, to the shocked delight of one or two neighbours and under the eyes of the butcher and the milkman. Mrs. Carter burst out of the house after them just as they started.

"All right, John," she cried; "I'll bring Mr. Perkins!" and she flew up the road.

With a long-drawn groan, he collapsed into the corner. Perkins could do no good. Perkins could only make matters worse. Flora would find that he had not been at the Lodge. The alibi would fail. The only alibi that he could prove would be worse than none, for it would undo him in the eyes of his wife, his neighbours, and all the world. And as the cab rumbled along, bearing him to his fate, he recalled with bitterness his contemptuous remarks at breakfast on everything to do with mistaken identity, and the short shrift he had advocated for the sufferers. Was ever man in so deplorable a plight? Was ever man bowed down by such appalling injustice? The journey to the Piccadilly Police Court occupied all too short a time. Only once during its progress did he arouse himself to speak.

"How did he get my card?" he demanded of his companion, in a flush of despairing wrath.

"I'm sure I don't know," replied the man, looking amused. "Ask the Magistrate."

He sank back into his coat. The Magistrate rose before him as a nightmare. He would sit there, smug and self-satisfied, question him, expose him to the jeers of the world, perhaps make jokes at him, and leave him to hide his head in quivering shame for evermore.

He had to wait in a room for nearly an hour before his case was called.

"They'll take the others first, of course," said a friendly official. "Why didn't you come at ten o'clock? It would have been all over in a few minutes."

"I'm not the man," said John Carter, wearily. "It's mistaken identity. A shameful blunder somewhere." He kept the collar of his coat well up round his ears, to hide his shaven chin.

The officer winked at another, but said no more; and presently he heard his name called, and, as in a dream, followed the directions given, and stood in the crowded Court, the centre of all eyes.

"I'm the wrong man," mumbled the unfortunate.

"Put down that coat-collar and let me see you," said the Magistrate. "Aren't you John Carter?"

"Yes, but I'm not the man."

"He's shaved his beard off, your Worship," said the Inspector who had the matter in hand.

"Why did you do that?"

"Merely for p—private reasons," said Carter; and a titter passed round the Court.

"Where are the witnesses?" asked the Magistrate.

"I'm not the man!" cried John Carter, in despair. "I wasn't there. It's all a mistake."

The *pro tempore* Jove looked over his spectacles.

"What do you say?"

The terrors of his position loosened his tongue, which was further stimulated by the burning desire to get it over before Flora should

arrive. He had peered everywhere for her face when he was brought in, and had satisfied himself that she was not there, and now it seemed that it did not matter who heard so long as she did not.

"What, what?" said the Magistrate, every now and then interrupting him, for he rambled through the unlucky story with much incoherence. "You went to another restaurant and to a theatre? Which restaurant and which theatre?"

Carter gave the names.

"And who was the lady?"

"A relative."

"A relative. What is her name and address?"

"May I write them down?"

"If you like; but we shall have to have her here."

There was a bustle in the Court, and John Carter, instinctively looking up, poised the pencil in mid-air at sight of his wife. She was staring at him with flaming eyes and wrath bristling on her eyebrows. His hand dropped nerveless to his side. She had heard. It was all too late. The worst had happened. For a moment he did not see Perkins, the Senior Warden, who was with her; and the jumble of voices that followed was for a time without meaning. But presently he gathered its startling purport. Perkins was the criminal. Perkins had done it all and given his card by mistake. The reason that he had not appeared in Court was that he had been to the restaurant to compensate the waiter. Mrs. Carter had followed him from place to place, but had only found him at the door of the Court.

"Very irregular," said the Magistrate. "But, at any rate, Mr. Carter must not be detained. As for you, sir——," and he inflicted a thumping fine on the real delinquent.

"I'm so sorry, old man!" said Perkins, as they left together.

"Sorry!" cried Carter. "Sorry isn't the word. You've ruined me! You've wrecked my life! Where's my wife?"

"She told me, poor woman, that she was going to her mother," said Perkins.

"Her mother's dead," said Carter. Then a dreadful thought struck him. "You don't mean she's going to——?"

"No, no," said Perkins, soothingly. "It's my mistake again. She said, to her step-mother."

"Her step-mother! You don't mean that, Perkins?" He seized him by his coat.

"What is it, old man? What is it?" Perkins began to fear for his reason.

"Call a cab! Hansom, four-wheeler, anything."

"My dear boy——"

"Hansom, hansom!" yelled John Carter, and in a moment he was being whirled to the address he had stammered out with trembling lips.

In the meanwhile, Flora Carter had fled in a four-wheeler to the house of her step-mother, long a widow. Mrs. Willoughby had married her father in his dotage. She was a pretty woman, and, as fate would have it, a full ten years younger than her step-daughter. When the latter was deposited at her door in tears, rage, and dishevelment, she jumped at once to the wrong conclusion.

"Flora, Flora, my dear!" said she, meeting her with outstretched hands but with a pale face.

"I've come to you——," began Mrs. Carter, but her wrath choked her utterance.

"My dear Flora, calm yourself. There was no harm in it."

"No harm? No harm in what?"

"John and I went quietly to a theatre and a little supper."

"John and you?" Flora Carter started forward.

"Yes; I needed his advice."

"Then you were the woman!" flared the injured wife. "You—you—you—cat!"

"Flora!" protested Mrs. Willoughby; but at that moment there came a hurried battering on the front-door, and John Carter burst into the room.

"Oh!" said he. "Oh!"

"Oh, indeed!" said Mrs. Carter.

"It's all right, Flora; it's all right. Don't quarrel. It was all right."

"You robbed me of my father," said Mrs. Carter, in cutting tones. "Now you wish to rob me of my husband."

"Nonsense, Flora; it was all about my investments." Mrs. Willoughby kept her temper admirably.

"Yes, her investments," said John, who was nearly out of breath.

"I was coming to you for protection," said Flora, grandly. "The lamb comes to the wolf. John, accompany me home."

"Yes, dear," said he.

"And don't you think he looks much nicer without his beard?" inquired Mrs. Willoughby, sweetly.

Mrs. Carter swept from the house without another word, and her husband, with one beseeching glance at his step-mother-in-law, followed.

"John," said his wife, on the way home, "you will give up your Lodge."

"Yes, dear."

"And you will not leave the house until your beard grows again."

"No, dear."

"That is all I have to say—at present," said she, ominously.

The newspaper-placards loudly displayed the words, "Amusing Mistaken-Identity Case."

"It's disgraceful!" muttered John Carter, between his teeth. "Every policeman who arrests one man for another ought to be hanged!"

THE END



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THAT we should gossip in the Green-room of future events long before they can occur is inevitable, especially as we realise that circumstances may alter these early arrangements and give us cause for further gossip. Certain chroniclers of the world behind the scenes, however, seem bent on taking the public into their confidence

in these matters and thereby running the risk of discounting the public interest in the event itself. It is thus an open secret that Miss Ellaline Terriss is studying Lady Teazle with a view to acting that part, though the theatre in which the performance is to take place has not yet been built. And, as if to add that touch of artistic verisimilitude which Mr. Gilbert long ago told us was necessary for what would otherwise be a bald and uninteresting narrative, Mr. Seymour Hicks is represented as weighing the rival claims of Sir Peter Teazle and Charles Surface, and deciding in favour of the former as the part in which he will appear. Furthermore, the general public is carefully informed that in a year from now Mr. Lewis Waller will play Macbeth at the Imperial Theatre.

These announcements are on a par with the action of certain parents who, in the first flush of their pride at the birth of a son, enter his name on the books of certain Public Schools, so as to ensure his admission when he arrives at the proper age. Indeed, if this sort of thing goes on, we shall probably see notices in the daily papers to the effect that Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So have taken Such-and-Such Theatre for a three months' season in 1925, in order that their daughter, who was born last week, may play Juliet, quite oblivious of the fact that in this world of change many things may happen to prevent the carrying-out of such a project.

When Miss Olga Nethersole produces "The Flute of Pan" at the Shaftesbury Theatre, the work of the fourth woman-dramatist

MR. F. SKEIN AS CHARLES II.

Photograph by Freeman

announced during October will have made its appearance this season, though it need hardly be said that Mrs. Craigie, with her facile pen, her brilliant wit, and the list of successes she has made, occupies an entirely different position from that of the authors of the other three plays.

"The Flute of Pan," which, it will be remembered, was produced in Manchester in the spring, derives its title from a picture painted by the artist-hero. He is an English nobleman who also possesses a foreign title, a condition of things which does obtain in a few English families even to-day. One of his ideas is that the music of Pan might still be heard if we did not drown it by the strenuous life we lead, and it is, in part at least, that he may hear the music of the mystic pipes that he takes up the new life. So far as this part of the theory goes, the play may be regarded as possessing an autobiographical note, for the idea is certainly shared by Mrs. Craigie, who had the story in mind for some three years before she wrote it.

Perhaps, as one swallow does not make a summer, so one or two instances scarcely furnish a portent, but the way in which the symbolic title is creeping in is worth noting. It has its place at the Garrick in "The Walls of Jericho," and it is now to have its place at the Shaftesbury in "The Flute of Pan." Where next shall we meet it?

Ample evidence of the way in which that much-discussed quality, the value of a personality, can make itself felt in the theatrical world has been forthcoming since Mrs. Brown-Potter entered into management at the Savoy. Her latest move, a partnership with Mr. Gilbert Hare, for the production of what may be called musical drama, to distinguish it from melodrama, forming, as it does, a new departure, has certainly not been an infrequent subject of conversation. It is, it need hardly be said, the distinct impression made by "Cavalleria Rusticana" which has incited Mrs. Brown-Potter to contemplate the production of an English version of "I Pagliacci," in which she will, of course, play Nedda, while Mr. Hare will be Canio. These two plays will, as has so often been the case at Covent Garden, be eventually played together at the Savoy.

Before that, however, the Vicar of Gorleston's play, "Church or Stage," must be produced, in order to redeem a promise of long standing made to him by Mrs. Brown-Potter. The Savoy production will, however, differ in one respect from the way in which it was done in the provinces, for it will be in three Acts instead of in four.

Is the play of the immediate future to be in three Acts? The question is an interesting one in view of the way in which plays of this length are dominating the stages of the West-End. It may be set down as an article of faith, so far as Shakspeare is concerned, at His Majesty's Theatre, while "The Duke of Killicrankie," "A Wife without a Smile," "Beauty and the Barge," and "His Highness My Husband" all conform to this plan, which enables the chief piece of the evening to begin at nine o'clock. There are, indeed, managers who, according to current gossip, refuse to consider longer plays, so convinced are they that in the former lies financial success. On the other hand, the provinces demand plays which, unaided, make up the evening's entertainment, though the managers of these theatres desire that the plays they give should bear the imprimatur of a London success.

Not for a long time has there been such a record of engagements among the prominent members of the theatrical profession as during the last fortnight. First, the impending marriage of Miss Margaret Halstan was chronicled, then came that of Mr. Edward Terry, while now it is the beautiful Miss Lily Hanbury who has been receiving the congratulations of her friends on the announcement of her engagement to Mr. Herbert Guedalla, an alliance which, one may hope, will not rob the stage of her services.

When, to-morrow evening, Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry produce "Dorothy of the Hall" at Newcastle, they will "go one better" than most of the other managers by adding two more to the long list of Royal personages who figure in the casts of our plays at the present time. These two are described as "Elizabeth Tudor, Queen of England," and "Mary Stewart, Queen of Scotland," and will be respectively impersonated by Miss Bella Pateman and Miss Adeline Bourne. The way in which the beautiful Mary's surname was spelt in the first announcements of the cast is worth drawing attention to, for, though Stuart is the modern form of writing, and is the one now adopted in the programme, the other would appear to have been in vogue at the time, seeing that in the warrants Charles the First's name was written Stewart, though in the indictment his name was actually written Steward.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Terry may well congratulate themselves on the way in which they carried out their intention of securing themselves a private wedding. The only information vouchsafed to inquirers was that "it would be before Christmas." It would appear that even Mr. Terry's representatives at the theatre which bears his name were kept in ignorance, that they might not, by an indiscreet word, give any hint or clue to the time and place, to say nothing of the date of the ceremony.

Mr. F. Skein, whose photograph as Charles II. appears on this page, is the son of Mr. Kleinau, a partner in and London representative of the great French publishing firm of Hachette. Mr. Skein is at present playing leading parts with Mrs. Bandmann-Palmer.



MR. CHARLES CHILDERSTONE
AS GEORGE BELLAMY IN "THE EARL AND THE GIRL," AT THE LYRIC.

KEY-NOTES

THE Opera season at Covent Garden runs on merrily. Never to the knowledge of the present writer, even in the Grand season, have there been galleries so crowded, or the more expensive seats more enthusiastically subscribed for. Two performances have to be noticed at the present moment, the first being that of "Carmen," in which Madame Gianoli made her first appearance in the title-part. She has many gifts, and sings extremely well, but she scarcely possesses the passion which is needed for an ideal interpretation of the part of Carmen; on the other hand, Caruso, to whose popularity the enormously crowded house of that evening was certainly for the most part due, was at times irresistible in the part of Don José. The last Act of "Carmen," indeed, provides a situation which calls for the utmost display of passion, and, when Caruso is let loose in a passionate part, it may readily be guessed with what overwhelming force he carries everything before him. Miss Nielsen took the part of Michaela very charmingly. It must be added that, although the band under Signor Campanini played very well, it occasionally burst out into such uncontrollable excitement as to unhinge the natural proportion which should exist between the players on the stage and the orchestra beneath the stage.

Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera" is one of his most charming compositions, and its production at Covent Garden a day or two ago was one of singular distinction, in which Signor Vignas took the part of Riccardo with that sort of consuming passion which, when it runs in the Italian order of things, and when it is translated into art upon any stage, either dramatic or operatic, carries everything before it. Madame Buoninsegna sang the part of Amelia in just the right style which seems ideal for this particular opera. Of course, in those days, now nearly half-a-century ago, a certain element of melodrama had necessarily to intervene, and in that element Madame de Cisneros showed that she is perfectly capable of upholding the Italian tradition. The final scene of the assassination was accomplished, somewhat to one's surprise, with much less of the blood-and-thunder style than is usual among Italian Companies; in fact, despite the absolutely incongruous situation of dancers tripping in a circle at the hindmost part of the stage, with a front position made by serious characters, the work may be said to have been completed without much incongruity of sentiment.

"The Dream of Gerontius," by Sir Edward Elgar, grows popular and more popular as the days go by. The fact says much for the public appreciation of what is really an extremely difficult composition; if one compares the quickness with which "The Dream" has come into its kingdom with the slowness which has brought "Tristan" to the same height, one can only conclude that the present generation is a much more rapid and intellectual judge of the best things in music than was the last. The work was given a few evenings ago by the London Choral Society under the direction of Mr. Arthur Fagge. Miss Marie Brema took the part of the Guardian Angel, Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies united the part of the Priest to that of the "Angel of the Agony," while Mr. Gervase Elwes took the extremely difficult character of Gerontius. Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies is always earnest concerning his work, and was most impressively grave in his rendering of the poignant words assigned to the Priest; nor was he wanting in any respect throughout his singing of the "Angel of the Agony." Mr. Elwes, although he is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the work, does not give to the title-part the same intensity of sentiment, nor the same dramatic beauty of voice, which Mr. John Coates associates with the character. Mr. Elwes is only agreeable where Mr. Coates is enormously impressive. Nevertheless, Mr. Elwes knows how to sing, and though the comparison we have made is, perhaps, a little overdone, it has been written just in order to show the right difference between those who sing Gerontius from more or less an academic and official point of view and those who clothe themselves with it as with a garment. The Chorus on this occasion was exceedingly good, but one does trust that the masters of various choirs which attempt this work will perceive

that the Demon Chorus ought to be taken not after any classical pattern, but with a clearly "devilish sentiment," which can only be effected by an enormous number of rehearsals; this, at all events, is my view, but it may be that there is creeping over the whole work that inevitable classical sentiment which must finally envelop all great artistry, just as the finger of time sets its seal upon reputations great and small, and destroys a popularity which never deserved a reputation.

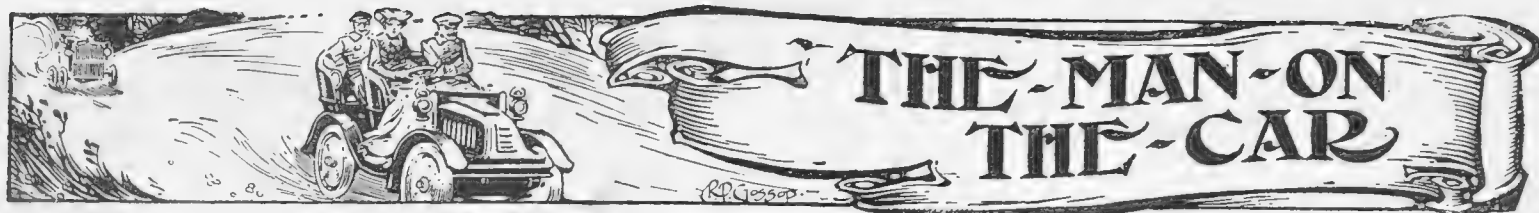
Sarasate has come back to London, and a few days ago, in conjunction with Dr. Neitzel as pianist, gave the first of a series of three Recitals at the Bechstein Hall, which was filled to overflowing, so that there were many who only found it possible to obtain standing-room. Sarasate is really as wonderful as ever, although to some of the younger generation it seems to have come with a surprise that he is at his best not in heavy German work, however magnificent that may be, but in light, delicate, and brilliant music such as Ariel may have sung when he chanted "Come unto these yellow sands." The late Mr. W. E. Henley, who in many respects was an extremely good judge of music, although possibly with regard to the newer generation of composers he somewhat narrowed his mind, always regarded Sarasate as the last thing possible in violin-playing. "When he draws his bow along the violin," he wrote, "it is as if a honeycomb were dropping honey." That is indeed a fine description, although it does not include, of course, that lighter and more silvery tone and manner of production which are so peculiarly Sarasate's own.

COMMON CHORD.



MISS VIOLET ELLIOTT, THE LADY "BASS" NOW APPEARING AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Photograph by the Gainsborough Studio.



Mr. Plowden and the Police—Cost of Keeping a Car—Mud-guards—Side-slip—A Long Jaunt.

ONE day last month, Captain Ward Jackson, while driving his car along High Street, Notting Hill, accidentally ran over and killed a collie dog, the property of a lady residing in the neighbourhood, who was taking her canine pet with her at the time. Captain Jackson pulled up immediately to express his sorrow at the occurrence to the dog's owner, when up came a police-constable, making an entirely unnecessary and unwarranted demand for Captain Jackson's licence. Captain Jackson very properly refused, but upon a demand being made for name and address the policeman was gratified to that extent. A summons, which happily came on for hearing before Mr. Plowden at the West London Police Court, was the natural result. The constable said that Captain Jackson replied, "It has nothing to do with you; it is a matter entirely between me and the owner of the dog." Mr. Plowden then asked the officer why he asked for the licence, and the reply was that the occurrence had to be reported. "Though it was a simple accident?" queried Mr. Plowden, when Inspector McCulloch intervened with the remark that it was the duty of a constable to report such an occurrence. In the end, Mr. Plowden

approaches the perfect mud-guard. To my mind, this should be of metal, shaped circumferentially and transversely to the wheel, very much as cycle-wheel mud-guards are made to-day, only, of course, of ampler proportions. They would also have to be constructed so as to detach easily for roadside tyre-repairs.

Many amateur drivers go in constant dread and fear of side-slip as soon as any skin of mud appears upon the road-surfaces. Of course, safety is assured by the adoption of one or the other of the somewhat clumsy non-slipping devices in common use to-day; but, speaking personally, I rather object to the use of these fitments, and find that bad side-slips are fairly well avoided by taking proper care. When the roads are slippery, the foot should never be off the clutch-pedal, and traffic, cross-roads, &c., should never be approached at a speed greater than that which can be at once reduced to an absolutely safe rate of travelling by merely withdrawing the clutch and taking all the drive off the car. Never apply the brake unless it is absolutely necessary, for braking is the greatest provocative of side-slip. When,



OLDSMOBILES AT LAND'S END: THESE TWO CARS RETURNED TO LONDON LAST THURSDAY AFTER COMPLETING A SUCCESSFUL TOUR OF THREE THOUSAND MILES.

Photograph by Argent Archer.

dismissed the summons. A few Plowdenisms administered from time to time will bring home to the police the fact that motorists are entitled to exactly the same courteous treatment as other respectable citizens.

Time and again I am asked how the cost of running a motor-car compares with that consequent upon the use of a horse and trap. As a matter of fact, the comparison can only be made in one way, and that is the cost per mile run. Unless this is done, any comparison must work out most unfairly for the motor-car, for the simple reason that, while the merciful man spares his beast, he does not spare his motor-car, because there is no need to do so. So long as the car is well looked after, it is just as fit to turn out again immediately after the completion of a hundred miles as it was in the beginning, and its owner always takes the fullest advantage of this capability.

Much remains to be done with regard to really efficient mud-guards for motor-cars used during bad weather. To the man of moderate means the cost of frequent cleaning is a considerable item, and this might be greatly reduced if mud-guards of an effective form were fitted. The motor-car manufacturers should sit at the feet of the cycle-makers in this respect, and, as one of the best-known cycle-making firms in the kingdom—to wit, Messrs. John Marston and Co., who build both the Sunbeam cycles and the Sunbeam motor-cars—have shown motor-builders how to avoid the engineering enormity of a naked chain, maybe they will presently produce something which

in running a straight course, the car shows signs of wagging her tail, instantaneous declutching will at once give command to the steering-wheels and the car will be steadied. The clutch should then be let in sweetly and softly, and not let go with a bang, or the driver may suddenly find himself looking whence he came.

On Thursday morning last, the two Oldsmobiles which, some five weeks since, were sent out by Messrs. Jarrott and Letts on a jaunt of three thousand miles, in daily instalments of a hundred miles, returned triumphantly from their long trip. During the run, the two cars, always more or less in company, had been driven all up and down the length and breadth of Great Britain—at least, as far north as Glasgow and Edinburgh—and had crossed to Ireland, where they put on a very considerable distance. The condition of the vehicles when examined by me was remarkable, and they ran their last day's journey as sweetly and as successfully as their first. Beyond two or three quite minor adjustments, punctures—four to the 7 horse-power and two only to the 10 horse-power—have been all that has delayed them upon the road. Valuable silver cups were presented to each of the drivers, and both Mr. Letts and Mr. Jarrott made congratulatory speeches on the return to Great Marlborough Street, which was thronged by an interested crowd of sightseers. That this remarkable dual drive reflects the greatest credit upon the staunchness of the Oldsmobiles cannot be denied, and it should not be forgotten that the smaller, the 7 horse-power, costs no more than a hundred and fifty pounds.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

The Cambridgeshire—The New Steward—Readying—Starting—Paupers.

THE last race-meeting of the season at Newmarket was one of the most successful. Thanks to the presence of His Majesty the King, the attendance, especially on the Cambridgeshire day, was a record one, and the sport was of the best. For weeks past, in dealing with the Autumn Handicaps, I have suggested that backers should wait until the day of the race and then support the first favourites. This system would have answered well this year, as Wargrave and Hackler's Pride were both backed better than anything else at flag-fall. The Cambridgeshire winner was fit to run for a country, and her work on the Wiltshire Downs had been of a stiff character. I cannot quite understand her previous form at Epsom and at Doncaster, but it may be that she is an autumn horse only. Anyway, she always wins at the end of the season and not at the beginning. The followers of the Netheravon stable were big winners over the race, and Nabot, who finished third, had been well backed by the public for a place. The bookmakers wanted Vrill, who finished second, to win, as his name had not been mentioned in any of the big double-event wagers. I hear of one bookie who, acting on the advice of a jockey, made his book for Hackler's Pride and peppered Delaunay

When Lord Durham resigns office as a Steward of the Jockey Club, he will have to nominate his successor, and it is hoped he may be able to induce the Duke of Richmond to fill the post. His Grace, when Earl of March, often acted as a Steward, and he was one of the best who ever held the office. The Duke takes the liveliest interest in the Sport of Kings, and he controls in Goodwood one of the swagger meetings and one of the most popular even with the rank-and-file, and what is very much more to the point, he belongs to the forward school. His Grace is a great believer in up-to-date methods, and the improvements at Goodwood certainly reflect the highest credit on his administrative ability. The Duke of Richmond showed us when he last acted as Steward that he was thoroughly acquainted with all that went on in the Turf world, and he did his best to put a stop to certain scandals that were doing a deal of harm to the sport. I expect his Grace has plenty of his own private-business affairs to occupy his attention, but if he could only be induced to act once more as a Steward, just as a labour of love, the whole of the Turf world would be pleased, and I feel certain that we should soon get one or two necessary reforms.

We have often seen horses backed for and win races whose previous form was execrable, and I do think that occasionally the Stewards should ask for an explanation. Some owners and trainers complain that the public get to know too much nowadays, and a few owners object to running their horses in the interests of the public, with the result that hot favourites emanating from certain stables never win, while the same animals when quoted at outside prices get home comfortably. One thing is certain: the public who read their papers need never back fat horses nowadays, as the touts do their work thoroughly, as a rule. Yet the bookmakers, by some means, at times manage to keep the paper tips warm

in the betting when eleventh-hour information proves that they have no chance whatever of winning. The professional layers, seemingly, get just as much information as the papers do, and no more, and those stables whose secrets are well kept are able occasionally to wipe the floor with the "S.-P." merchants. But Bismarck and Mr. Fred Swindell, both diplomatists in their way,



CAPTAIN FORESTER'S HACKLER'S PRIDE, WINNER OF THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE STAKES.

always averred that you should tell the public the truth if you would deceive them, and I really do believe that those stables that act fairly and squarely do the best of all in the long run. Readyng horses may pay occasionally, but, to be a sure thing, you must be confident that no one else is playing the same game.

Now that Mr. Leopold de Rothschild has moved in the matter of the starting we may soon expect to see a change made. A well-known writer the other day told us that "a good starter makes good starts." So he does, the other conditions being equal; but I contend that the best starter in the world could not at times prevent a bad start when the horses go from the standstill. The walking start has, it is said, been tried and found wanting both in America and in the Colonies; but that is no reason why it should not be tried in England, where our Jockey Club is all-powerful and is not afraid to punish evildoers when they are found infringing the laws of the great game. With the apprentice system in vogue, it is necessary to adopt some measure to ensure a fair start for all, and, in my opinion, the chalk-line and the walk could not be beaten—that is, if a Steward were always present at flag-fall. Our starters have to stand on a platform and pull a lever. Mr. Dick Figs walks about in between his horses and has the pulling apparatus in his pocket, and it is of little use the jockeys watching his movements. Our jockeys, or most of them, are looking at the starter all the time instead of keeping their eyes in front of them, and this occasionally causes the bumping at the start.

Many of the hangers-on of the Turf are nothing but paupers who find their way from meeting to meeting on the cadge. They pounce down upon their patrons at every turn and plead poverty, and generally manage to obtain a bit of silver just to help them over a bad day. These fellows are a pest, and it is a pity that they could not be kept off our racecourses. They are not thieves, and, indeed, they would not break the law in any way; but they look upon it as being their prescriptive right to cadge, cadge, cadge from anybody and everybody, and they do nothing in return for the alms they receive. Many of these paupers have a rooted idea that some day they will run a few shillings into a few thousands, and they do not hesitate to give their last shilling a chance, perhaps with the knowledge that if lost they could go successfully on the cadge once more. How they get from meeting to meeting and how they obtain admission to our racecourses is a marvel to me, but, go where you may, north, south, east, or west, there are the cadders in full battalion order. The recognised beggars of the Turf, who are supposed to bring good luck to all and sundry, are rich, and some of them are supposed to own rows of houses and to drive in their carriages, but the cadders are homeless.—CAPTAIN COE.



THE NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING: START FOR THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE STAKES.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE law, in its blind endeavour to administer justice, launches a good many surprises on society from time to time, but of its frequently vague and nebulous conclusions few are more puzzling than the code which attempts to deal with a wife's expenditure and a husband's responsibility therefor. Within the last half-dozen months we have had quite as many cases of wide interest bearing on this point—this comedy in four Acts, so to speak: The wife orders, the tradesman delivers, the husband declines, the Judge adjudicates. *Voilà tout!* The law has spoken. But what about blind Madame Justice, *par exemple?* Where do she and those scales come in? Is it fair of a woman to order what she cannot pay for? Is it fair of the shopkeeper to send home extravagant luxuries, trusting to luck and the fond folly of husbands for repayment? Is it fair of the husband to disown his wife's actions when she has enjoyed their fruits? And is it right (with apologies to Coke and Blackstone) for the law's exponent to let fair sinners go free and frenzied shopkeepers go without? It seems, somehow, to this humble laywoman that the one punishable act in the whole transaction is the purchase, and that the purchaser should be made to realise it, though, strangely enough, it is the dear, irresponsible creature who "simply could not" go without her set of furs or velvet gown or diamond bangle that gets off scot-free, while the unfortunate purveyor foots the bill. Now, if there was a hard-and-fast rule which introduced salutary atonement to such transgressors, we should, I am well convinced, see a much-abridged bankruptcy list when the Courts sit each Session. If, also, as that very rude Teuton, Herr Schopenhauer, plainly puts it, "women are born without any sense of honour or principle," the sooner our County Court Judges digest that unpleasant page in their "Book of Hours," the better will it be for

parents, husbands, and tradesmen alike. For, in the light of day-by-day disclosures, one really begins to think there may be some truth in Mr. Schopenhauer's tirades after all.

The Maison Lewis, of 210, Regent Street, is well represented on this page by two charming chapeaux which our artist has drawn, one in the form of a toque of castor velvet decked in chestnut blossom of many shades in brown and bronze, with "Rembrandt" roses and dainty knots of Sèvres-blue velvet ribbon; the second "creation" being a hat of white felt, lemon-coloured pansies wreathing the crown, supported by soft porcelain roses and lemon-coloured plumes—one of those bold but successful harmonies in which the soul of woman delighteth and for which the Maison Lewis is especially noted and notable.

One of the favourite black and white checks rendered in velveteen has an exceedingly good effect. I saw one at Lola's, whose infinitesimal but very *chic* shop in Dover Street gives you such a faithful reflex of fashion as she is at the moment spoke. This particular frock had a vest of silk *écru* lace, with bows and pipings of apricot taffetas, and the whole affair was extremely beguiling. Lola shows you the quaintest little dolls dressed in the last cry of Madame Mode, and so enticing did one white satin look,

with elaborate embroideries of conventional flowers in mauve and green, that its reproduction was straightway ordered by a susceptible friend. Short, serviceable frocks of heather tweed, belted, collared, buttoned, and piped with soft-toned *suèdes*, are shown by Lola at six and a-half guineas, surely a very low figure for a frock of superlative outline. In hats also she may be said to excel, all models seen at 10, Dover Street, being distinctively good style, as well as quite original and apart from other creations. There was a wide-brimmed beaver with ribbons of various shades rising in quillings one above the other—bright, soft browns, reds, and greens reminding one of the colourings in bracken and barberries and other autumnal effects. A white hat



THE HEIR TO THE ITALIAN THRONE: PRINCE HUMBERT OF
PIEDMONT, TO BE CHRISTENED ON NOV. 11

Photograph by Guigoni and Bossi, Milan.



ONE OF THE NEWEST HATS AT THE MAISON LEWIS.



A CHARMING TOQUE AT THE MAISON LEWIS.

[Copyright.]

trimmed with white feathers was inviting, but so were many others that elude mere pen-portraits and require an appreciative visit in person, which Lola is always glad to receive, as she does not object to showing her styles and never bothers one to buy—a golden rule, if dressmakers only knew, as one generally ends by succumbing to pleasant temptations. I did.

I met a woman at Sandown last week who wore about her lace collar a wonderful string of pearls. They were the gift of a prosperous husband, and glowed and glinted and shimmered as only pearls of purest ray serene can ever attempt to do. To see was to covet, and, though a thousand-guinea string of pearls was for the immediate moment remote, life seemed imperfectly rounded off without pearls of some degree. So to the Parisian Diamond Company without delay, as Mr. Pepys would assuredly have done, and there did invest in a string, at one hundredth the price, of most deluding appearance, since it looked to all intents as real as could be. The Parisian Diamond Company's pearls need, in fact, no reiteration of their merits. The best and most complete proof of the perfection to which they have attained in colour, lustre, and "skin" is the fact of their universal adoption. The same may be advanced for the Parisian Diamond Company's diamonds, which show all the fire and brilliance of the real gem, while their designs are surpassingly elegant. A tiara illustrated on this page, with its delicate tracteries and pear-shaped pearl points, is, for example, a design that a Duchess may wear with satisfaction. The small pendant also shown was, in fact, first made for a Duchess, with its coronet and strawberry-leaves.

The British constitution is essentially conservative, but one lesson that Englishwomen have at last learnt from their Transatlantic cousins is the care of the complexion. American girls have flower-like faces at an early age, but transparency of skin and delicate colouring succumb to the influences of climate, iced water, and lollipops perceptibly, so the antidote has arisen in the race of beauty-doctors and skin-specialists, who undoubtedly do good work by means of massage, steaming, electricity, emollient creams, and a preservative treatment generally. When these angelic visitants first came to London Town, people looked at them askance and spoke of "Madame Rachel," the notorious Early Victorian who promised to make her clients "beautiful for ever," and went to prison through her methods.

All such prejudice has, however, entirely disappeared since it became clear that only the most hygienic treatments are employed by the well-known of this profession, and to-day the skin-specialist of Mrs. Pomeroy's calibre and reputation is not only "suffered gladly," but is in high and deserved esteem because of the admirable results accruing from her treatment. The Pomeroy "Skin Food" alone has a world-wide fame, and all condiments and preparations sent out

from 29, New Bond Street, are of admitted excellence and purity, while Mrs. Pomeroy's facial treatment is almost too well known to require recommendation.

SVBIL.

The professional billiard-tournament now going on at Messrs. Burroughes and Watts's Saloon in Soho Square is being followed with much interest. The saloon, which is eminently well-fitted for such a display, being very snug and cosy, has recently been rebuilt and re-furnished, the present contest practically marking its inauguration. Messrs. Burroughes and Watts have been established in Soho Square since 1846, and for many years a portion of the works was established there, the whole of the upper floors being in those early days occupied by the then head of the business. The present head,

Mr. James S. Burroughes, joined the firm some forty-five years ago, working at the bench himself and thus getting an insight into the routine which has proved of inestimable service. Now the firm is known throughout the whole world, and its genial head is a welcome guest in many countries. Not only are billiard-tables manufactured by Messrs. Burroughes and Watts, they also turn out the ivory balls by the thousand, and employ some hundreds of men. It is a noteworthy fact that at a recent stock-taking the value of their stores of unmanufactured timber alone was estimated at over fifty thousand pounds.

Messrs. Dewar and Sons, Limited, the famous old firm of distillers of Perth and London, have carried off the Grand Prix at the World's Fair for Scotch whiskies.

Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen have published the first number of their "History of English Furniture." The text is by Mr. Percy Macquoid, whose name is sufficient guarantee for accurate knowledge

of the artistic and historical sides of his subject, and it is proposed to divide the whole work into four periods. It starts with "The Age of Oak," which is to form the first volume. The number now issued will delight the connoisseur, the illustrations being of peculiar interest; indeed, the three full-page reproductions in colour, from drawings by Mr. Shirley Slocombe, can be described only by the term magnificent.

The Old Bushmills Distillery Company, Limited, of Belfast and 20, Mark Lane, E.C., have been awarded the Grand Prix at the St. Louis Exhibition for the excellence of their celebrated Irish whisky.

In these days, when liqueurs form such an important part of our everyday requirements, it is well to be assured that those selected are of the finest possible quality. Nicholson's Sloe Gin, bottled at their London distillery, is undoubtedly one of the best, as, besides possessing valuable tonic and digestive properties, it has an agreeable almond flavour which makes it very palatable.



TIARA, PENDANT, AND PEARLS BY THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 9.

THE CRISIS.

AFTER the experience of last week, we confess to a great disinclination to write anything like a general note upon the Stock Markets. In all sincerity we expressed an opinion that there was every indication of a general improvement, and that the long period of depression from which everybody had suffered showed signs of coming to an end, yet, while the printers were engaged in setting the type, the whole face of the monetary position was changed by the North Sea outrage.

When the City Editor wrote there was not a cloud on the international horizon—at least, not a cloud visible to the eye of man—and yet before the lines were in print we were within a measurable distance of war with Russia. For the moment, the immediate imminence of the danger is past, but to recover the lost ground can only be the work of time, and the revival of business, which looked so promising a few days ago, has been postponed. The simple countryman and the astute speculator alike must feel that, until we have got this Eastern War out of the way, the danger of international complications can never be very remote.

EGYPTIAN GOLD-MINING.

This week we are able to complete the story of Egyptian gold-mining from the pen of the same correspondent whose interesting letter we published in our last issue.

When the Egyptian Mines Exploration Company took up the first concession for gold-mining granted by the Khedive, they had practically the pick of the country, and, though they had discovered many ancient workings and knew of the existence of many more, they arranged this concession more with a view to low working-cost than rich values. Twelve pennyweights will pay at Um Rus, whereas double that amount of gold will leave a deficit in the back blocks of the Sudan. The famous Wady Allaki was not visited by Mr. Alford upon the exploratory expedition led by him in 1899, and, though traditionally the wealthiest portion of Egypt, it was left to a small and courageous private syndicate to take up the concession in which was found the now famous Nile Valley. This syndicate was upon the point of abandoning work when they struck a rich patch—richer, I fancy, than even the Londonderry. The specimens brought home were quite as good as any ever sent into Perth in the early days of '95. Rich specimens appeal to the human heart in a way no cut-and-dried report can hope to, and Nile Valley became the talk of the City. With a 3-head prospecting battery enough gold was won to pay expenses, and from last March to the end of August the output totalled over 700 oz. of gold. The mine is not a deep one, for at 157 feet the water came in, and work was stopped until pumps could be sent out. These are at work and a 10-head battery on the spot, so that immediate returns may be expected. About 4000 tons of picked ore is ready for crushing, and it should go at least 3 oz. to the ton.

Adjoining the Nile Valley is the North Nile Valley, which has already given about 700 oz. of gold from specimen stone; about 4000 feet of driving and sinking has been done, and the area may bring forth a gold-mine. Nile Goldfields, which is working a concession sold to the Company by Mr. Emerson Bainbridge, is well spoken of. It is a large area and has not been completely explored. The latest reports are promising. Nile Valley Block E is a property about which I know very little. It is said that coal exists here—probably some seams of lignite have been met with. The Nubia Development Company was formed by the Nubia Syndicate, and is under the charge of P. O. Wilson, a first-rate engineer. The area of the Nubia Company is 24,000 square miles, an enormous territory with a great future. Luckily for the directors, the Sudan Government has extended the time in which to explore the ground, and I have no doubt a payable mine will be found. At Doshier three shafts have been sunk, and at Abu Sari four shafts; a good deal of country has been prospected and many old workings found.

The Sudan Exploration Company is a syndicate in the hands of John Taylor and Sons, and its concession is on the Red Sea in the Suakin district. The main work has been done at Shanobkwan, where rich assays have been obtained and the prospects are good. As the Suakin-Berber Railway runs through the concession, working costs should be low, and the Sudan Exploration Company seems likely to score a success.

Practically the whole of Egypt and the Sudan has been parcelled out into concessions, many of which have only been explored in a desultory fashion. Egypt is not a poor man's country. Australian prospectors, working for their "tucker" and a third interest, are useless in a land where well-equipped expeditions are a necessity. But, though prospecting from the Australian point of view is out of the question, syndicates with plenty of capital and in charge of experienced engineers can hardly fail to find mines. The whole of what is called "the desert" is a mass of mountainous country intersected with reefs, all of which have been worked by the ancients. It only requires capital, intelligently directed, to turn these ancient camps into modern mines. It can hardly be expected that all will be payable. But the record up to the present has been remarkable. Um Rus, Om Nabardi, Nile Valley, At Allah, and Eridia are five properties of which any country might be proud, and all these have been found and opened up in four years. The initial difficulties of a new country are all at an end. The next four years will show much more rapid progress and should result in a dozen more mines being opened up. Labour is cheap, plentiful, and good; water is only a difficulty at the outset; transport is expensive, but not seriously so; the mining laws are good; the Government, if paternal, is very just. I wrote in *The Sketch* in 1900 that Egypt would "arrive." It has arrived.



ON THE ROAD TO THE MINES, UPPER WASSAU.

AMERICAN RAILS.

So the rise in Yankees has suffered a check, after all, prior to the Presidential Election. Probably the uppermost sentiment in the minds of most financial students is one of astonishment that the reaction should have been so comparatively slight, and the bulls are making much of this point in order to show how easily the market is able to resist even a grave political shock. Evidently, the people on the other side, who are juggling with the railroads as a conjurer does with apples, have not finished with the public yet. Despite the manifest broadening of outside interest, which is indicated by the huge daily turnover of shares in Wall Street, the big houses continue to dominate the situation and have the power of doing virtually what they will with prices. Were one at the back of these magnates' counsels, it would be easy to forecast the possible course of Yankees, but the looker-on has to admit that the situation in the market is now highly dangerous to operators both for rise and fall. The list looks like going better, and the speculator who bulls such counters as Atchisons, Southern, and even Union Pacific, will most likely make money. How long it will suit the Wall Street financiers to keep the market going we confess that it is beyond our power to guess, but we think no slump will come for several weeks at least.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Who in his seven senses supposed there *would* be war?" demanded The Broker looking round the compartment with a challenging air.

"It is easy to be wise after the event," quoth The Merchant, "and why did the Stock Exchange put Consols down to 87½, eh?"

"Purely as a precautionary measure, I assume," The Banker hazarded. "Is that not correct?"

"Naturally," was the reply. "If anyone had thought war would have broken out, d'you think 87½ would have stopped Consols? Not likely!"

"Some of the evening newspapers ought to be hung," remarked The Merchant, careless of syntax. "Really I think there ought to be a censor of contents-bills, don't you?" and he appealed to The Carriage at large.

"The two halfpenny morning rags were as bad as the evening ones," considered The Broker.

"Worse, to my mind," The Engineer added. "I suppose the misleading headings were cabled to Russia as representative of the general English feeling, and—"

"Prisoner at the bar," said The Jobber, addressing The City Editor, "what have you to say for your alleged profession?"

"I heartily concur in the most slashing things you can say about the behaviour of some of the halfpenny rags. I—"

"Enough said," affirmed The Jobber. "The *Standard* has all the honours, in my way of thinking, so far as the articles over the Russian business are concerned."

"The *Standard* always comes out well in a crisis," observed The City Editor, "although the *Times* may carry more weight and the *Telegraph* command a wider following."

"When we want you to talk shop, Young Man," said The Jobber, "we will ring the bell. In the meanwhile, back-pedal, please. I was going to say—"

"Personally," interrupted The Engineer, "I am inclined to regard the West Australian Market as dead to the public. People who hold the shares will watch its prices, but, beyond that, who is going to gamble in Kangaroos now that the bear-corners are getting smashed up?"

"As a member of the great, unenlightened B. P.," confessed The Merchant, "I never want to deal in West Australians again."

"Do you receive many orders in the shares?" The Banker asked The Broker, who laughed, and said he could count his Westralian limits for a month on the fingers of one hand.

"Fairly conclusive evidence of my point," pursued The Engineer. "No, where I foresee business for you Stock Exchange fellows—"

"Do you mean members?" asked The Jobber, sweetly.

"—is in the investment speculative things."

"We knew you would drag in Central London Deferred," The Merchant scoffed.

"And why not?" said its defender, stoutly. "I am convinced that the public will 'come for,' as you House Johnnies say—"

The Jobber and The Broker stared at one another in speechless indignation.

"—such things as pay four to six per cent. on the money."

"And the worst of it is, Brokie," exclaimed The Jobber, "the beggar has got common-sense on his side."

"Would it be overtroubling you to ask for a few samples?" inquired The Banker, with strained politeness.

"That's not my business," The Engineer replied; "it's yours. I was only stating a general premiss based upon what I hear of other people doing. I'm not a broker; I'm——"

"——the Plumber," quoted The Jobber; and the one who laughed most heartily was The Engineer himself.

"But for heaven's sake be practical," urged The Merchant.

"There's a fine scope in Argentine Government Bonds," suggested The Broker.

"And Mexican Rails are still cheap," continued The Engineer.

"Bank shares appear undervalued in several instances," contributed The Banker.

The Jobber, who had been humming, broke into open poetry.

"Some like Mexicans and some like Banks, But Kaffirs are the things to suit all ranks! Salvo of silent applause," he nodded, as nobody smiled.

"They are rather beginning to look up, though," observed The Broker.

"And would gain still more public attention if it weren't for the stupidity of introducing new shares at high prices," declared The City Editor.

"Just as if that made any difference," and The Jobber laughed. "I admit that it isn't an ideal method, but the papers are much more likely to give their candid opinion about such concerns."

"What on earth are you driving at?"

"When a prospectus is issued in the ordinary way," explained The Jobber evenly, "the papers have to praise the thing (or leave it alone); otherwise they wouldn't get any more from the prospectus agents. See?"

"Oh, I say!" protested The City Editor, "that's ridic——"

"Whereas, when a Company is introduced to the market and there is no prospectus published, the gentlemen who write are free to express a perfectly unbiassed view about it."

"You're talking out of the brim of your hat!" The City Editor told him, menacingly.

The Jobber removed his hat and pretended to look for a hole in the brim.

"No, but are these Bankets and Van Dyks worth having, really?" asked The Engineer.

The Jobber shrugged his shoulders, and The Banker took up the running.

"If there is another Rand in Rhodesia, the whole aspect of the Colony's immediate future becomes most wonderfully altered."

"And if this banket business does not prove to be all we hope of it, the country will take years to go ahead properly," The Broker said.

"It's a complete toss-up," added The Jobber, rising to depart. "As complete a toss-up as Brokie's first experience with the engine of his 18 candle-power motor-car," and he bowed urbanely to The City Editor's parting shot about a 50 donkey-power jawbone of an ass. Saturday, Oct. 29, 1904.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. H.—That there was "something up" with the Sheba Mine was self-evident from the jump-up in price. We really have no reliable information, but the market says the shares will go to 10s. We do not vouch for it.

A. H. L.—We sent you the rules on Oct. 27, and will answer your second letter as soon as we have made inquiries.

INVESTOR.—The following should suit you: (1) Lady's Pictorial Pref.; (2) Gas Light and Coke Ordinary; (3) Inter-oceanic Prior Lien Bonds; (4) Chadburn's Ship Telegraph Pref. Divide your money among the four, and you will get nearly 5½ per cent., with reasonable safety.

WESTRALIAN.—We do not vouch for the values and profits in sight. The figures we gave were from the mine reports, and we quoted them to show that evidently the general public does not believe them.

W. F. B.—The Temperance Permanent Building Society, 4, Ludgate Hill, E.C., should suit you.

MAX.—We will inquire and reply next week. Have you given us the full title of the Company?

POBREZA.—Globe Telegraph Ordinary or Industrial Trust Unified Stock. If you were wise, you would buy more Lady's Pictorial to average at present price.

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